HERMSPRONG;

OR,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.

Bingie. M6-2-25

HERMSPRONG;

OR,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAN AS HE IS.

Neſcis, inſane, neſcis, quantas vires virtus habeat. Quam illa ardentes amores excitaret ſui, ſi videretur.

Maxima autem culpa in eo eſt, qui, et veritatem aſpernatur et in fraudem obſequio impellitur.

Aſſentatio vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur; quæ, non modò amico, ſed ne libero quidem digna eſt.

VOL. I.

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HERMSPRONG.

CHAP. I.

IF human nature be always the ſame, it cannot have changed much ſince Mr. Addiſon's time; and there may ſtill be readers who will peruſe a book with more ſatisfaction, when they know ſomething of its author. The queſtion now, perhaps, would not be ſo much, whether he is tall or ſhort, round faced or long; as, How does he dreſs?

Is he a perſon of any faſhion? What his rank? What his condition? But before I reply to theſe interrogatories, I muſt anſwer another ſpecies of curioſity, which may, eſpecially after peruſal, ariſe in the minds of ſome readers: Why did he write at all?

Not for fame, certainly: No, not for fame; not to inſtruct the good people of England; for wiſdom there, is in its greateſt perfection; nor is it my intention to make my readers laugh,—for theſe are ſerious times; nor weep,—for I muſt firſt weep myſelf, as Horace ſays, and Melpomene is not my favourite muſe; in ſhort, I am not determined to write by any of the reaſons which authors uſually chuſe to aſſign. My motive is of tolerable univerſality notwithſtanding. Not that I want money neither; but I ſee thoſe who do,—beggars of princely denomination—on thrones—on wooden legs.

Events have happened in the village which I inhabit, not known to the univerſe. They relate

relate but little to myſelf; but that is not my fault: Had I been any thing but what I am, I would have choſen to be the principal actor. But who would change an Iota of himſelf? Before I begin a recital of theſe events, I will reply to the firſt claſs of queſtions, by a full and true account of my birth, parentage, and education.

But why do I talk of parentage? alas! I am the ſon of nobody. I was, indeed, begotten by my valiant father, Gregory Grooby, Eſq. upon the body of my chaſte mother, Ellen Glen. I cannot be ſo exact, as to the time, as was the lovely Counteſs of Pembroke; but it was a clandeſtine act, for which my valiant father had no canonical warrant; and for which I am to be puniſhed with all the diſabilities the prudence of our laws can provide.

There may be, eſpecially among my fair readers, ſome who may object to the epithet which I have given my mother; and others

may ſuſpect that of my father not applied with the moſt perfect propriety: But once for all, I beg leave to give this public information: I am a perſon infinitely nice in matters of epithet; and that I never permit an improper one to deſcend from my pen, or my tongue, unleſs I am writing a dedication, or addreſſing a lord or a lady, or unleſs I am making love.

My mother was a blooming girl, brought up in a cottage, and knew nothing but innocence and ſpinning, till my valiant father undertook to be her preceptor. My maternal anceſtors had, I ſuppoſe, few records, but many traditions; one of which is, that my chaſte mother defended the citadel of her honour all the preceding ſummer, and had ſurrendered, at the cloſe of it, ſubdued by a too tender heart, and a flowered cotton gown. On the twentieth day of her lying in, ſhe died of kindneſs and caudle. The young Squire had ſent in a profuſion of the latter, and the neighbours ſupplied the former; for though

though the matter was rather a lapſe of chaſtity, or, as they called it, a miſhap, yet, conſidering it was a gentleman's child, there was not much harm done.

My valiant father, in the very month in which my chaſte mother died, had arrived at twenty-one. His father had lain two years in the family vault. His eſtate was 2000l. a year. He had a pack of excellent harriers; his ſpringing ſpaniels were ſtaunch; his greyhounds the fleeteſt in Devonſhire; his cellars were filled with October and Port; and he might have been pronounced a happy man, had the dowager lady poſſeſſed a taſte as rural as his own; but they diſagreed in ſo many points, that my father, one day, an hour after dinner, ſignified to her, with abundance of valour, that he ſhould be happy to pay her a viſit at her jointure houſe.

My father muſt have had no ſmall quantity of tenderneſs for my mother, for he remembered her ſeveral months. His houſekeeper,

his butler, and his coachman, were ordered to become ſponſors for my faith. He kindly allowed them to give me his own Chriſtian name; and, finally, ordered three ſhillings a week to be paid my great grandmother, for my maintenance, and two pounds of the beſt ſhag, per annum, by way of ſuper-remuneration.

But, alas! the old lady was almoſt eighty, and almoſt blind, and as ſoon as ſhe had nurſed me into rickets, withdrew from the world, and left me to the care of a great aunt, a labourer's wife, ſtout and hearty; under whoſe care I throve well, till I was ten years old. Her huſband dying, ſhe was driven, by the humanity of our poor laws, to a very diſtant pariſh, and I was transferred to the care of Goody Peat, from whoſe hands I received victuals not too abundant; but accompanied with abundant thumps, to facilitate digeſtion; and pious wiſhes, that every mouthful might choak me. Under her care I grew lean apace, and might ſoon have been ſettled, to the ſatisfaction of my valiant father, to whom

whom I was now becoming troubleſome, had it not been for a meddling parſon, who knew ſomething of law, and ſomething of goſpel; and who did not find that murder, even of a baſtard, was ſanctified by either.

The doers of good in our pariſh, and perhaps in others, might have been divided into three claſſes: Thoſe who do it for pity or for piety; thoſe who do it for the ſake of the report; and thoſe who never do it at all. This latter claſs was ſaid to be far the moſt numerous; but this I take to be the *ſcandalum humani generis*, and as deſerving of the pillory as the *ſcandalum magnatum*, at leaſt. At the head of the ſecond claſs ſtood my father's houſe; the firſt, far from branching out into *genera* and *ſpecies*, conſiſted of a ſingle individual, namely, Parſon Brown himſelf.

Mr. Brown was too reſpectable a man, too much beloved by his pariſh, and too able to divide it even againſt the Squire himſelf, to be quite overlooked at the hall. He was a

cheerful companion alſo; and as he never aſſumed any learned airs, my valiant father was well enough pleaſed, upon a rainy day, to have him the companion of his pipe.

One dull day they were thus employed, when Mr. Brown, glad to embrace the opportunity, ſaid, "I fear that ſweet boy, little Greg. Glen, is not in good hands."

My valiant father had been married two years; and having begun to make boys and girls canonically, did not like to hear of any thing done in that way before the conſecrated Era. He made, therefore, ſome ſlight anſwer, which rather irritated the parſon, who being, upon proper occaſions, a determined ſpeaker, ſaid, that when people took the trouble to beget children, they ought to take the trouble to provide for them.

To this the Squire anſwered, "He thought he had not been deficient in that duty;

duty: Ten pounds a year was a ſufficient allowance for the maintenance of a baſtard."

The parſon's face kindled at this expreſſion: He told the Squire it was harſh, it was unnatural, it was inhuman. My valiant father now felt his own anger riſe. On ſuch occaſions he ſwore. He met the parſon's reproof for that indecency alſo; and, in ſhort, they became ſo loud, that Mrs. Grooby, a moſt reſpectable woman, who heard the altercation, but knew not the cauſe, thought it neceſſary to interfere by her preſence.

On her entrance, my father found his rage ſubſide in a moment; Mr. Brown ceaſed, from a motive of politeneſs; and to the lady's queſtion, the Squire anſwered, "Pſhaw!—nothing—nonſenſe—politics."

Mrs. Grooby retired, ſaying it was a privileged ſubject for anger. And yet, ſhe added, I wonder it has not been yet fully felt, that anger renders all argument uſeleſs; for

in that ſtate of the mind, truth can neither be diſcovered nor perceived.

Mr. Brown felt the force of this obſervation; and the obvious inference was, that he was not taking the right way to the object he had in view. No; irritation was not the right way. Adulation,—but that he hated adulation,—was a ſurer method; and it could not be ſinful,—not very ſinful; if it were, would ſo many of his worthy brethren make it the common path to a benefice, or to a mitre.

This mental ſoliloquy paſſed pretty rapidly on. At the end of it, Mr. Brown, in a ſoftened tone of voice, ſaid, "No, Mr. Grooby, no, you cannot think of making him a barber,—(for ſuch a hint my father had dropt)—no, you cannot,—I know your generous temper is above that. He is the prettieſt boy in the pariſh, and reſembles you ſo perfectly, that people would be apt to think you uſed

uſed him hardly. Barbers' ſhops, you know are receptacles of ſcandal."

"What the devil would you have me do with him," aſked my father, "make him a parſon?"

"Yes," Mr. Brown replied; "yes, Mr. Grooby, I think I would: It is an excellent thought; it may be inſpiration, for any thing I know. I am poſitive the boy has genius. If you bring him up to the church, you may give him this living; I will engage to reſign whenever he claims."

"This living!" ſaid my valiant father, and he ſwore too, the better to expreſs his ſurpriſe at ſo extravagant a demand; "no, maſter parſon, I'll have no baſtard of mine ſpitting fire and brimſtone at me from the pulpit. No, parſon, that's too much. And the conſiſtency! He muſt not be a barber, becauſe of the prate; and yet you would ſtick up his damned handſome face, ſo like my own, as you are pleaſed to ſay, in a pulpit, as a perpetual memento of my youthful indiſcretions."

Mr. Brown did not gain much upon my father in this converſation; but as no time was to be loſt, he ſought opportunities of renewing it; and at length, peace was concluded on the following conditions; that I ſhould be conſigned over to Mr. Brown, to do with me what he pleaſed, except making me a parſon; that during Mr. Brown's life, he ſhould receive 50l. per annum, for my board and education; and that when he died, I ſhould have an annuity, ſecured on land, of 80l. per annum, provided I left Patten-place, and did not preſume to ſettle within forty miles of my father's reſidence.

In his youth, Mr. Brown had been upon the point of marriage. The lady died; and he could never replace her to his ſatisfaction. He was a bachelor, therefore, and conſidering me as deodand, took me home, and became my preceptor. Mr. Brown was not a profound ſcholar; but he knew ſomething of every thing. I was taught a little Latin, a little mathematics, ſome botany, a ſprinkling of

of chemiſtry, a portion of theology, with ſome hiſtory; and the belles lettres came as they could.

I was yet in my ſeventeenth year, when Mr. Brown's only brother, a mercer, in Exeter, died. He was ſuppoſed to be rich; and might have been ſo, but that his wife preferred, as ladies are oft inclined to do, gentility to accumulation. She died a year before her huſband, leaving one child only, a daughter, imbued with her precepts, and poſſeſſed of her inclinations. Soon after her father's death, this young lady came to her uncle's to reſide; and brought with her a pretty face, ſoft melting eyes, and a heart that—but for her looking glaſs—muſt have burſt with grief.

For ſhe had loſt not a father only, but a fortune; and with it two affluent lovers, each capable of keeping her a coach. No event is better calculated to ſhew young ladies the ſordid nature of man. When I have enu-

merated

merated her accompliſhments, who would believe, that a diminution of a ſingle cypher in her fortune—a ſimple taking away of 0 from 5000l.—ſhould change the hearts of men.

Brought up under a careful mother, who conſidered the embelliſhments of perſon, as the firſt great duty of woman, Miſs Brown learned to dreſs with the moſt enchanting elegance, and to animate a pale cheek with the milk of roſes. Nor was her mind neglected: No,—it was adorned with all the literature which this learned age has produced for the ſervice of the ladies. To the novels of the preſent day were added the Caſſandras and Cleopatras,—the claſſics of a century or two preceding: Beſides this, ſhe was no ſmall proficient in muſic; and could actually perform ſeveral ſongs upon the piano forte, very much to the envy of her leſs accompliſhed companions. And muſt money be added to all this? Heavens! what things are men.

See then this charmer tranſported to Patten-place, where there was nobody to charm. She wept; it would have ſoftened a tyger—and I was not a tyger; but I was a child, and wholly incapable of giving her the conſolation ſhe wanted. At length, indeed, I was permitted to ſeek crow-quills for her piano forte, when her grief was ſoftened by time. At length ſhe accepted from my hands drawings, to work in gauze; and to complete my felicity, I was allowed to read the ſublime Caſſandra to her, while ſhe worked in the ſummer evenings, in a little alcove, at the bottom of the garden. What draughts of love I drank! who, that had ſeen the ſoft languiſh of her eyes, whilſt I read the ſublime meltings of the ſoul of Oroondates? who would not have thought ſhe had drank too?

All at once, toward the cloſe of the year, this delirium of bliſs was diſſolved by an event ſo extraordinary—ſo unexpected,—ſo impoſſible,—that, in ſhort, my fair Statira

was

was raviſhed from my longing eyes, by a young hero, who meaſured cloth in a neighbouring town. This unheard of injuſtice inſpired me with the very ſoul of Artaxerxes; and I determined to purſue the deteſted raviſher to the extremities of the earth. It was neceſſary, however, to provide arms for this heroic enterprize; and I had no money. The queſtion too, whether my princeſs might not have been carried away by her own conſent, would ſometimes ariſe. It occurred to me, that whenever the cloth-merchant came, they were ſhut up in the parlour together; and I began to doubt, whether this circumſtance aroſe, as I had hitherto ſuppoſed, ſolely from the difficulty the young lady found in chuſing amongſt the many patterns of elegance, which, I concluded, he came to offer to her acceptance.

If this were ſo, what had I to do with vengeance? Nothing. But what,—ſince I had loſt all that made it deſirable,—what had I to do with life? A noble diſdain of this trivial thing,

thing, called exiſtence, took poſſeſſion of me: I reſolved to lay the burthen down; and was only perplexed by the mode: I knew that piſtols were the faſhionable inſtruments, but I had them not; my heroic ſoul diſdained a halter; the brook, which ran irriguous thro' the vale of Patten-place, was a pitiful brook; it would have diſgraced my cauſe to have been found in it; ſo, as it was not more than twenty miles diſtant, I reſolved to throw myſelf into the ocean.

This magnanimous exploit was no ſooner determined upon, than I became all eagerneſs for the execution. I ſet out the next morning, and as I walked with anger, I walked with ſpeed. My valiant heart would ſcarce ſubmit to the calls of hunger, which were ſtrong and importunate. I had in my pocket three ſhillings and one penny; and becoming rather faint, I yielded to the invitation of our holy champion, St. George, who was ſlaying the dragon at the door of a decent fabric.

I did

I did not at this time know the turpitude of the crime I was going to commit; I did not know it was murder, and of all murders the moſt flagitious. I might kill another man, and repent; but I could not repent of killing myſelf; nor could God ever forgive me for ruſhing into his ſacred preſence without a paſſport.

All this I did not then know; I only knew how Cato, how Brutus, how Sapho died, and thought I was going to be great like them. Yet I had not totally forgot Mr. Brown; and toward the end of my walk, I did ſhed a few unheroic tears, at the thoughts of parting with him for ever, and determined to take a grateful farewell by letter, that I might not add ſuſpenſe to the diſtreſs with which I was going to afflict him.

This letter was written whilſt my hoſteſs of the George was preparing the laſt meal I ever was to eat. It was a pathetic ſtory of my ſufferings, and of my reſolution to end them.

It

It ſaid, "Who would groan, and bear the pangs of deſpiſed love?" and it finiſhed with a farewell, as ſad as I could find words to make it. This letter I ſealed and directed; then put it in my pocket, with an intention to drop it into the poſt-office, at Lime, through which the road to heaven, I had made choice of, lay.

Dorcheſter beer was written in large characters over the door of the houſe. I ordered a tankard; and being thirſty with my walk, took off half at my firſt draught. I felt myſelf and my courage both much ſtrengthened by the operation; and I continued it till I had ſwallowed three tankards. Thus armed, I paid my reckoning with great liberality, reſumed my walk, and my purpoſe; and am of opinion, could I have reached the ſea, nothing would have prevented my plunging headlong in——but the ſight of it. But to my longing eyes this ſight was denied.

In

In the remembrance of what paſſed this important day, I have very much failed: I know only that I waked from ſleep, and found myſelf on a bed, in a ſtrange room, with an elderly woman ſitting by the ſide of it.

I was ſeized, on my waking, with a violent ſickneſs; a medical gentleman came to my relief, but did not relieve me; and a certain Mrs. Garnet ſtood by me, with pity in her looks. In time, the fit abated; the man of medicine gave me a compoſing draught; and I was put to bed. I ſlept much and long; and awaked with no complaint but the head-ach, and a degree of nauſea.

Invited to the breakfaſt table of Mrs. Garnet, I went down with great confuſion of face; for I had eat of the tree of knowledge, and was aſhamed. My confuſion was not much abated by the preſence of a young lady, who could not compoſe her muſcles to a proper expreſſion of gravity during my examination, which was entered upon very politely,

politely, but rather too ſoon, by Mrs. Garnet.

Her very firſt queſtion was embarraſſing. "May I be permitted, young gentleman, to enquire your name?"

I bluſhed; I thought of my valiant father; the name of Grooby was in my head, but timidity was at my heart, and I anſwered, ſtammeringly, Gregory Glen.

"Have you parents living?"

This was ſtill worſe; I bluſhed my deepeſt dye, though I never could well tell at what; and with ſome heſitation I anſwered, "No."

"Relations, Sir?"

"No, madam; I am under the care of the Reverend Mr. Brown of Patten-place."

"O! I have heard of him, and probably of you, Sir. Buſineſs, I preſume, brought you to Lime?"

Worſe

Worſe and worſe! I thought Mrs. Garnet very diſagreeable, and the young lady very impertinent, for ſhe broke into a titter at the queſtion; indeed Mrs. Garnet reproved her, and ſaid very kindly to me, "Do not let us diſtreſs you, young gentleman; I have no motive for this enquiry but your good."

I had hung down my head at the lady's laſt queſtion, determined upon a ſort of ſullen ſilence; but the tone of her voice raiſed my eyes up to her face, and I ſaw in it nothing but benignity. I was emboldened by it, and ſaid, I muſt own, in a perplexed ſtrain of eloquence, "I fear, madam,—I am afraid I have been very troubleſome; but indeed—indeed, Madam,—it is the firſt time—and I hope I ſhall never repeat it."

"I hope ſo too," ſhe anſwered. "You fell into bad company?"

"No, madam? I have not ſo good an excuſe."

"It muſt be ſome extraordinary motive, Sir, that could induce you to commit ſuch an exceſs

exceſs alone; but you ſeem an extraordinary young gentleman. May I without rudeneſs again aſk the nature of your buſineſs here?"

"Buſineſs! madam,—I can't ſay I have buſineſs. To be ſure, I had an intent,—a deſign—"

The young lady ſtrove not to laugh.

"Yes," Mrs. Garnet anſwered, "you had an intent; a ſtrange, preſumptuous, and permit me to ſay, wicked intent."

She then read me a long lecture on the ſubject of ſuicide; and I was aſtoniſhed to find all the torments of the damned would have been my portion, for conſidering my life as my own property, and throwing it away, when I was weary of it.

Mrs. Garnet having concluded, Miſs Bently ſaid, with as much gravity as her roguiſh face could aſſume, "Madam, your reprehenſion has been too ſevere. You have not fully

fully conſidered the importance of the cauſe. Do you reflect that it is love, Madam? Love, which excuſes, nay ſanctifies, all mad actions. Beſides, the lover's leap is now ſo rare an occurrence, it muſt immortalize the man who jumps. Perhaps Mr. Glen thought of this?"

Mrs. Garnet, without noticing Miſs Bently's raillery, continued thus: "When we feared your life was in danger, we ſearched for your pocket book, that we might know whence you came, and advertiſe your friends. We found a letter to Mr. Brown; and this informed us of your purpoſe and its cauſe. I hope you now ſee your error?"

"Oh dear!" cries Miſs Bently; "but I hope love is a better counſellor. The torch of true love is almoſt extinct among our preſent race of beaux. It wants kindling at the altar of Sappho. I hope Mr. Glen will not think of relinquiſhing his charming deſign. To be ſure, I do not like death in any ſhape; but in a cauſe ſo important, I really think I could

could attend Mr. Glen, and even give him a puſh, if I ſaw his courage fail."

I ventured now, for the firſt time, to look up in the face of the lady who was giving me this hopeful advice. It was a lovely face; had archneſs in its expreſſion, but not ill-nature; and I ventured to ſay, "She could not, for her heart, puſh me on with half the force her eyes would pull me back."

"Oh! for certain," ſays ſhe, "I know my eyes have prodigious power to pull; they pulled you over a ſtile yeſterday, with ſuch force, we feared you had broke your bones. Do you remember running, or rather ſtaggering after a young woman whom you called your Statira. I was your Statira; I ran, however, from my Oroondates, and clambered over the ſtile as faſt as poſſible. So, indeed, did you. I looked back, as Daphne did at Apollo; but my Apollo was now a dull maſs of earth. I feared the ſpirit might have taken its flight to Olympus; ſo I ran to acquaint Mrs. Garnet—and——"

How long Miſs Bently would have perſiſted in this lively perſecution, or how many gods and heroes ſhe would have called to her aid, I know not. She was interrupted by a ſervant announcing Mr. Brown. It was my revered patron, to whom Mrs. Garnet had wrote the evening before.

To relate the remaining minutia of this affair would be equally tedious and uſeleſs. Mr. Brown's reprehenſion was at once kind and ſevere. He uſed arguments to cure my folly; Miſs Bently,—eyes. Which had the greateſt effect, I dare not pronounce; but I was cured.

This affair laid the foundation of a friendſhip betwixt Mrs. Garnet and Mr. Brown. It was ſupported by kind offices and reciprocal viſits. I availed myſelf often of it; nay even drank again of the cup of love. I did not, however, get drunk again, nor apply to the ocean for relief, when my dear Miſs Bently gave her hand to a merchant of Lime: It was

was a mania of another kind which ſeized my unhappy brain: I thought God had forſaken me. This pious error produced a vaſt variety of ſilly deluſions, and coſt Mr. Brown abundant trouble to eradicate.

It had, before theſe events, been frequently debated to what art, myſtery, trade, or profeſſion, I ſhould apply, in order to acquire ſome property I might call my own. Mr. Brown and myſelf were agreed on the propriety of ſuch a meaſure, but never on the means. When I had recovered from my late pious diſeaſe, my friend was advancing very faſt in infirmity. He ſeemed to love me more, for the trouble I had occaſioned him: He ſeemed to lean upon me for all the remaining comfort of his life. I would not now have left him for any proſpect of fortune; at leaſt, I hope not; for I muſt own I never was aſſailed by the temptation.

It was in the ſixth year of that era, which I muſt always conſider as the epocha of my

folly, that I loſt my benefactor. How grateful to me is his remembrance! His niece was, as ſhe ought to be, the heireſs of his property, except his books, and the ſum of 200l. which he bequeathed to me.

I was now, by condition, to migrate, or forfeit my father's ſettlement. 'The world was all before me, where to fix my place of reſt;" ſo I fixed it in London; not doubting, that in ſo univerſal a market for talents, mine alſo would find their value. I had a recommendation, from a friend of Mrs. Garnet's, to a city acquaintance; who introduced me into genteel company. I was alſo admitted in a compting-houſe; a fortnight's occupation of which convinced me that my genius was not the genius of multiplication and diviſion. I next got an introduction to a club of literati. I drank of the waters of Helicon, and produced ſome pieces of poetry which I thought ſublime. I could not bring the bookſellers to a coincidence with this opinion; and their impertinent requiſitions of im-

improvement ſoon rendered their ſociety inconvenient to my feelings.

Inſtead of an opening for the exerciſe of my talents, I found one in my purſe, through which had flowed, in eight little months, the ſum total of my legacy: Such is the force of genteel company, genteel cloaths, and genteel reckonings. I correct myſelf. I had ſaved 50l. out of this ſum, by laying it out in books, muſic, and mathematical inſtruments.

It was, however, no unfavourable circumſtance, that as my purſe declined, I began to call the amuſements of London frivolous, and when it was exhauſted, I ſaid they were contemptible. *O rus! quando te ego aſpiciam*, was oft upon my lips; and I read Thomſon's ſeaſons by way of corroborant. Yet, though I ſighed for the country, and deteſted, or ſaid I deteſted the town, it was not without ſome violence that I prevailed upon my legs to carry me over Weſtminſter-Bridge, one fine morning in May. As I ad-

vanced, I congratulated myſelf on my eſcape; looked back and ſighed; ſaw St. Paul's towering with majeſtic grandeur; became ſenſible I had not ſufficiently examined that ſuperb edifice; walked one hundred yards towards it; felt in my pockets; called the town a ſink of iniquity; turned again, and trod, with angry ſtrides, the road to Exeter.

At Exeter lived the banker to whom I was to apply for my annuity. Half a year was due. Thus recruited, I went forward, to ſee, and take leave of my kind Mrs. Garnet; for Lime was within the forbidden precincts. Alas! I ſaw her not: A fatal accident had involved her in the greateſt grief: A veſſel of Mr. Garnet's, returning from Jamaica, was wrecked on the Scilly Iſlands, himſelf on board. All was loſt: No life ſpared,—no part of the cargo recovered. I heard, however, ſhe was ſurrounded by friends; and as I was every way unable to aſſiſt her, I willingly

willingly ſpared to her, and to myſelf, the addition of grief which an interview would have produced.

This good woman had often ſpoke with pleaſure of the village of Grondale, on the borders of Cornwall. It was her native place. I had long deſired to ſee it; and if it anſwered Mrs. Garnet's deſcription, I thought it would ſuit my taſte as a reſidence. With this intention I proceeded.

Juſt on this ſide the village, I croſſed a widely extended heath, called Lippen-moor. Rude, rocky, craggy, and furniſhing only a fine ſhort graſs to a ſmall number of ſheep. On the edge of this moor, I was ſtruck with a proſpect the moſt beautiful I thought I had ever ſeen. It was a narrow, but fertile valley, watered by the ſmall river Gron. The oppoſite bank was a gentle declivity, on which were to be ſeen ſix villages or hamlets, many agreeable houſes, with woods, corn-fields, and

paſture. This was a varied view of ſeveral miles in length.

Juſt under my feet, at the bottom of the valley, was the ſmall clean village of Grondale, with its ſpire in the centre, almoſt hid by the lofty elms, and orchard trees, which contribute to form the ſingular beauty of this little ſpot. Up the Gron, on the right, ſtand the ruins of a convent, many centuries the domicile of a ſucceſſion of holy drones, who buzzed about, ſucked the faireſt flowers of the vale, and ſtung where they could extract no honey.

Above this ruin, on the ſummit of a hill, are the remains of the Caſtle of Grondale. One tower is left, and enough of the battlements to ſhew how ſavage a grandeur once fortified its own tyranny againſt the tyranny of others.

But

But the moſt pleaſing of all the objects, now under my view, is a ſtately ſtructure of the gothic kind, half modernized, once the ſeat of friendſhip and hoſpitality,——now of Lord Grondale.

When I had ſatiated myſelf with this delightful proſpect, I deſcended to the village, where I found a ſpacious public houſe. Here I took up my abode a few days; every one of which increaſed my inclination to become an inhabitant. Two agreeable apartments I found at the houſe of a reſpectable widow, where I have reſided five years.

By the aid of philoſophy, I have got rid of ambition; and may it pleaſe Venus, I hope alſo of love. I amuſe myſelf ſometimes with the Georgium Sidus, with my pen, my pencil, my fiddle; ſometimes with ſhuttle-cocks and butterflies. I have nothing to do but what I like; and my prin-

cipal embarraſſment has been, to find what I liked to do.

But of myſelf I have ſpoke long enough; let me now ſpeak of others; more particularly of thoſe who have ſome connexion with thoſe recent events which have induced me to write this veritable hiſtory.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

OF the animated beings of the vale, high towers above the reſt, in rank and wealth, the great Lord Grondale. Indeed he had been always ſuper-eminent. In his younger years, when only Sir Henry Campinet, he was a man of the very firſt ton: He acknowledged no ſuperior in matters of gallantry; and had not many in the two great trades carried on at Newmarket, and in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

This is a ſober, a very ſober age; and yet men, even great men, contrive to procure themſelves the drinking diſeaſes of older times. Upon Sir Henry the gout had ſpent its force at the early age of forty; and had left him a tolerable complication of diſeaſes. On the approach to ſixty, his preſent age, his once blooming complexion had been yellowed by jaundice, and his jolly perſon emaciated by ſome one or other of the maraſmi.

His political career was ſhort, and much *à-la-mode d'Angleterre*, in the 18th century. He began with oppoſition; but his orations not being remarkable for brilliancy or depth, his ambition could not be decently ſupported by flattery; and as there was no emolument, there was no ſtimulus for avarice. Some neceſſities ariſing, from want of ſucceſs in commerce,—I mean the commerce of the great—induced him to turn his thoughts toward adminiſtration. There he was certain of reception, for he was admirably gifted. He was not addicted to ſcruples, and had, beſides, ſeveral

ſeveral Corniſh boroughs. He accepted an office; was, like many of his predeceſſors, inſtantly illumined, and felt the error of his former perceptions.

But at court, they ſay, appetite grows by what it feeds on, till it becomes inſatiable. Sir Henry aſked, I ſuppoſe, and was denied; for there is a fatal neceſſity impoſed upon miniſters, of denying ſometimes. He returned back to oppoſition; himſelf, indeed, deſpiſed by both parties, but not ſo his boroughs. At length the miniſterial manager of that branch of traffic, bade him a barony for them; and Sir Henry Campinet was metamorphoſed into Lord Grondale.

Whether this was done by writ, or by patent, I never enquired. It is ſufficient for me to know, I mean by their effects on the fortunate few they light upon, that they are charming things both; that they raiſe man far above man, and nearer to the divinity, ſince kings have once more become divine; and enable

enable him to look down on the leſſer inhabitants of this beſt of worlds, with a due conſciouſneſs of his great ſuperiority.

Lord Grondale had ran a long race of pleaſure, and had begun to feel its pains and penalties, before he thought of an heir for his illuſtrious houſe. For this laudable purpoſe he made choice of the younger of two ſiſter ladies; a lovely woman, and good as beautiful; with no great fortune, and ſtill leſs of faſhionable propenſities. This lady was miſtreſs of Grondale Hall about eight years, and brought his lordſhip three children, all females; an affront Lord Grondale never could forgive. She died,—not quite of a broken heart, and not much indebted to Lord Grondale for kindneſs, one child only ſurviving her. It was her dying requeſt to his lordſhip, that this daughter, Caroline, ſhould be brought up by Mrs. Merrick, her ſiſter, who, in order to be near Lady Grondale, had ſettled in a ſmall, but elegant houſe, in the pariſh of Grondale; almoſt the only

one

one, not his lordſhip's property. This requeſt his kind lordſhip was ſo good as to grant; with more pleaſure to himſelf than he choſe to ſhew externally; for it would render his freedom more perfect; and Grondale Hall might again become the ſummer ſeat of thoſe pleaſures which Bacchus, which Venus, which Mercury, are ſaid to preſide over, if Mercury be the deity of cards and dice.

But for the practice of this claſs of pleaſures, London has ſuch ſuperior accommodation, that Lord Grondale was ſeldom at his country ſeat, till a long fit of gout, a conſequent debility, and the advice of his phyſicians, ſent, or more properly, exiled him thither. In a ſituation ſo forlorn, ſome men would have thought of a daughter, now growing into lovelineſs, for a companion; and of Mrs. Merrick for the ſuperintendance of his houſehold. But this muſt ſuppoſe a vaſt change in his lordſhip's manner of thinking; and it was his body, not his mind, which had undergone the change. He fixed, therefore,

upon a Mrs. Stone, an officer's widow, and a perſon of great merit, his lordſhip ſaid; and who was ſo good as to condeſcend to take upon herſelf this heavy load of ſuper-intendance.

To this lady, the ſociety of her own ſex was inſipid; and Grondale Hall was freed from the impertinent intruſion of dowager ladies, and ladies of rigid decorum. Inſtead of theſe, it received into its capacious boſom a few gentleman of his lordſhip's acquaint-ance, who, when the town was empty, had the goodneſs to take their ſummer recreations at Grondale, and indulge his lordſhip with a taſte of his once dear amuſements.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE next perſon upon the canvas, is Dr. Blick, rector of Grondale and Sithin; a man perfectly orthodox in matters of church and ſtate, ſuch as theſe bad times require; and, thank heaven, we have plenty of them. Dr. Blick's merit was indeed great; I cannot ſay it had been fully rewarded. Hitherto he had ariſen in the church no higher than a poor canon, which, with the product of three livings; for he had one in commendum, ſcarce pro-

produced him 1000l. a year. But if he joins to that merit, which now leads to honours, the agreeable art of aſſentation, no man knows to what dignities he may ariſe. Dr. Blick could not accuſe himſelf of any neglect of this art, where the application might be uſeful; more eſpecially to his patron, Lord Grondale; whoſe peculiar merit he conceived to be ſuch, that even a biſhopric, could he be induced to aſk it for a friend, would ſcarce be refuſed him by adminiſtration. He was therefore much devoted to his lordſhip; and, at his expreſs deſire, had qualified for a juſtice of peace; in which capacity he had been of uſe to his lordſhip, in thoſe little animoſities which great men do admit to their boſoms on great occaſions; ſuch as killing a hare or partridge without due qualification, or voting againſt a candidate whoſe cauſe they eſpouſe.

There is a perſon—*vel hic vel hæc*—no matter,—who does me the favour to marſhall my commas and colons,—regulate my ifs and ands,—and correct my errors of ortho-

orthography; who at this place ſurpriſed, and indeed vexed me, by a bolder criticiſm. So far, ſays my critic, you have amuſed yourſelf with drawing characters; if that be the end and intention of your book, I have nothing more to ſay than to adviſe you to ſtudy brevity and Theophraſtus. If your deſign be, as I underſtood it, to exhibit actions and events, I ſubmit it to your ſuperior judgment, if it might not be altogether as agreeable to your readers, to form for themſelves the characters of your drama, from their good or evil deeds. Tell us what they do, and we ſhall be able to find out whether they were wiſe or fooliſh, rough or ſmooth, diſcreet or vain, or drunk or ſober. To which I replied,—but whether by a kiſs or a cuff, I am not at preſent diſpoſed to ſay. It is ſufficient to acknowledge, that the remark, when I had taken a proper time to digeſt it, had its weight, and determined me to come more immediately to the relation of thoſe matters which induced me to add one more to the numerous liſt of authors.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

MRS. MERRICK, the maternal aunt of Miſs Campinet, was a maiden lady, who having in her youth been deſerted by her lover for a richer woman, had ever ſince looked upon the dark ſide of man, ſhunned his intercourſe, and almoſt ſecluded herſelf from ſociety. Habit, and an unbounded affection for her aunt, who well deſerved it, had rendered Miſs Campinet as much a recluſe as herſelf. To this young lady, therefore,

fore, books and muſic were neceſſaries of life; to which ſhe added drawing, and the various arts of the needle. Nature had been extremely indulgent to her, both in mind and perſon; if it is indulgence to give that dangerous thing called beauty, and that unprofitable quality, benevolence.

Hitherto, indeed, her beauty had bloomed to the deſart air, and her benevolence had been confined to the diſtreſſed and humble beings of the valley. The character of her dreſs, as it was little directed to the gratification of vanity, was elegant ſimplicity; a term, which, with equal juſtice, might be applied to her mind.

Lord Grondale was not wholly ignorant that he had ſuch a daughter; he even ſaw her ſometimes; although there was, from ſome cauſe or other, a ſort of repulſive power betwixt Mrs. Merrick and Mrs. Stone, which kept them from approaching each other. Miſs Campinet's allowance, from her father,

was

was 200l. per annum, for board and all expences. From a man of Lord Grondale's fortune, it might have been more; but his lordſhip had now become avaritious, and did not, beſide, like to hear of any charities but his own. Mrs. Merrick's houſehold, formed upon the intereſt of 7000l. could not be large. Three female ſervants, two male, two horſes, and a chair. The laſt, lately purchaſed, for the ſake of frequent airings for Mrs. Merrick, now, unhappily, in a declining ſtate.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

IT was a fine autumnal evening, when I, the humble writer of theſe memoirs, returning from an afternoon's viſit to the curate of Sithin, ſaw a ſort of wild diſorder in the village of Grondale, which denoted ſomething extraordinary. I made up to the firſt group, moſtly women. One prayed, "The Lord have mercy upon us all."

"And keep us from harm," ſaid another; "for without his care what are we?"

"Well,

"Well," ſaid a third, "we are all mortal,—all muſt die,—rich as well as poor,—all fleſh is graſs."

"But ſuch a good young body!" ſaid a fourth; "we poor folk ſhall have a mortal miſs of her: Ah, poor dear ſoul! we ſhall ſee her no more in a froſty morning, tripping along, to ſee if there was any coals to burn in the cottages, and any bread in the pantry;—but ſhe was too good for this world."

"Pray," I aſked, "who are you thus lamenting?"

"Oh dear, Mr. Glen, have not you heard?"

"No—nothing."

"Poor dear Miſs Campinet!"

"What,—dead?"

"Dead! Lord help us! ſmaſhed to pieces down Lippen crag."

A cold rigor and trembling ſeized me; I grew ſick a pace; and haſtening home, threw

threw myſelf on my bed, in a ſtate of mind I am utterly unable to deſcribe.

Miſs Campinet! one of the faireſt,—but that may be diſputed,—certainly one of the beſt of her endearing ſex. I loved her!—yes, I loved her! But if there be a ſpiritual affection, ſuch was mine. I thought of her, as of an angel whom I might ſecretly adore; not as of a woman whom I might preſume to love. Admitted ſometimes to her tea-table, I was treated with the moſt engaging affability; ſometimes her almoner, I have been obliged to repreſs her benevolence. With my violin, I have been permitted to accompany her at the piano forte. She has condeſcended to accept the loan of my books and muſic. I have been honoured with hers. But though thus affable, thus friendly, there was about her a dignified reſerve,—a guarded propriety in her moſt engaging ſweetneſs, that muſt have checked thoſe vain and fooliſh ideas youth is ſo apt to form, had I been ſilly

enough to have permitted an entrance to any ſuch, within my boſom.

So ſhould I have thought for ever of the amiable Miſs Campinet, had this been really the fatal period of our acquaintance. But fame, as uſual, had blown her trumpet with too loud a blaſt. Death had come near, too near, the lovely girl, but had not reached her: Down Lippen crag, ſhe had not fallen, though within a few moments, in point of time; and a few yards, in point of ſpace.

Without an engraving, I deſpair of making my readers underſtand the enſuing deſcription; and the patrons of this humble ſort of book-making, are not ſufficiently liberal to enable a poor author to gratify his readers and himſelf in this particular. However, when the public aſk a fourth edition, I will certainly give it, with a map, at my own expence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Merrick and her niece, returning from their evening's airing, were pacing ſlowly along the edge of the moor, a thick coppice on their right, down a ſteep declivity, to the edge of the Gron; the ſervant following at ſome diſtance behind, on a young horſe, but in a careleſs poſture; when a gun was fired in the coppice, within ten yards of this horſe's ear; at the ſame inſtant, a black ſpaniel, purſuing ſome birds, burſt the coppice, barking, juſt under his noſe. The horſe, in an inſtant, threw his rider, paſſes the chair horſe, ſnorting, on full gallop; but, inſtead of turning down the oblique road to the village, kept ſtrait forward, along the edge of the moor. The chair horſe, regardleſs of the reins, ſprung after his fellow with all his ſtrength. This then was the ſituation of the ladies: On their right, the coppice continued; a riſing, but uneven ground, on their left, leading to the top of the moor; in front, and at two hundred yards diſtance, Lippen Crag, a rock with a perpendicular deſcent to

the Gron, and meaſuring one hundred and four yards from its ſurface.

A well dreſſed young man, whom I cannot now ſtay to deſcribe, was at this inſtant on the verge of the crag, viewing the proſpect. The ſaddle horſe, unable to ſtop, had taken the leap, and was daſhed to atoms. The young man ſaw the quick approach of the ladies in the chair to the ſame unavoidable deſtiny. If ever it is allowable in ſound philoſophy, to ſuppoſe providence directing the actions of individuals, one may ſuppoſe it now. Great, indeed, were the chances againſt finding any one upon this dreary ſpot, and infinite againſt finding a man, undaunted by danger, and capable of preſerving his recollection at the moment of terrible ſurpriſe. Such, however, was the perſon before us: He ſaw the imminent inſtant; and running to meet the horſe, placed himſelf on the lower ſide; then ſeizing the reins, as he paſſed, flew along with the wild creature, who could not be ſuddenly ſtopped, turned his head

head toward the riſing ground; and about ten yards from the brink of the crag, had by ſtrength and agility alone, changed his direction, and forced him upwards, till he had obtained ground on which the chair ſtood firm. As to the poor horſe, trembling and exhauſted, he ſeemed to have as little inclination as power to move.

The ſtranger then turned to aſſiſt the ladies. The elder, with open eyes, which ſeemed not to ſee, might have been taken for one of Ovid's ladies, paſſing from life into ſtone.

The other had fainted. The whip and reins had dropped from her lifeleſs hands; and death ſat, or ſeemed to the youth to ſit, on the faireſt face he thought he had ever beheld. He gazed upon her with mute ſorrow, trembled, perhaps for the firſt time, and for the firſt time feared death.

This ſad and awful ſpectacle had not long occupied his attention, when the ſervant came up, his forehead covered with blood. The man had ſeen the whole; had ſeen that nothing but a miracle could ſave his miſtreſs, and had ſeen that miracle performed. He was therefore well diſpoſed to conſider the perſon before him, as poſſeſſed of more than mortal power.

"I preſume you are the ladies' ſervant?" ſaid the ſtranger.

The man anſwered, "I am, Sir."

"The young lady ſeems in the moſt imminent danger; yet I thought I heard her ſigh; if ſo, ſhe is recoverable; aſſiſt me in getting her out of the chaiſe."

The man obeyed. They placed her on the rock, juſt covered with moſs, the ſtranger ſitting down to ſupport her, and inclining her head upon his breaſt. It was not long before ſhe opened her eyes; and their firſt object

ject was the bleeding ſervant. Inſtantly they were cloſed again.

"Pray, don't be frightened, madam," ſays the man; "it is me,—your ſervant Philip."

"Philip!" ſays the young lady, again opening her eyes.

Then perceiving a man's hand and arm round her waiſt, "Bleſs me!" ſhe cried, a faint bluſh tinging her cheek.

"I am your ſervant alſo," ſaid the ſtranger; "be under no apprehenſion."

Bluſhing, ſhe looked up in the ſtranger's face; there was nothing in it likely to inſpire terror; its preſent expreſſion was the ſofteſt compaſſion.

"Philip!" ſaid Mrs. Merrick, beginning to recollect, "where are we? I am very ſick,—come hither."

"Permit me, madam," ſaid the ſtranger, to the young lady, "to ſupport you a little

longer, till you have more perfectly recovered your memory and ſtrength."

"Sir," ſaid Miſs Campinet, trying to riſe, "I have not the honour to know you."

"Nor I, madam, that of knowing you; I only know that I feel infinite happineſs in having been able to ſerve you."

"Oh dear! I remember now; I thought I died."

"No, madam," ſays Philip to Mrs. Merrick, "it was out of my power to give you the leaſt aſſiſtance: I lay bleeding on the ground: It was that gentleman there, that gentleman; he did what I thought impoſſible: He ſaved your life and my young lady's, and, by God's bleſſing, did not loſe his own. See, madam, how near you was to the crag."

"For God's ſake!" ſaid Mrs. Merrick, "let us get away from this horrid place; lead the horſe a great way, and hold him faſt."

The man did ſo.

"And

"And am I, Sir," ſays Miſs Campinet to the ſtranger; "am I ſo infinitely obliged to you?"

"If there was ſuch a goddeſs as Misfortune," ſaid the ſtranger, "I ought to raiſe an altar to her, for calling on me at ſuch an inſtant."

"You are very polite, Sir," the lady anſwered; "my thanks and gratitude are yours. My father, I hope,——Lord Grondale——"

"It is Miſs Campinet, then, to whom I have the pleaſure to ſpeak."

She bowed.

"And," continues the ſtranger, "ſhe acknowledges obligation and gratitude; to ſuch payment, what can Lord Grondale add?"

"Thanks more ſubſtantial," the lady replied.

"The moſt ſubſtantial good," ſaid the ſtranger, "I can derive from a circumſtance that might have been ſo deplorable, I have

already,—my own pleaſure, my own approbation. I am not in purſuit of fortune."

Miſs Campinet looked at the gentleman with ſome ſurpriſe; "Can man," ſays ſhe, "be too much favoured by fortune?"

"Yes, madam," the ſtranger anſwered; "much too much; England has eminent proofs. If I have learned any thing more particularly, it is a very limited adoration of this univerſal deity, and to pay little reſpect to thoſe who have no title to reſpect, ſave from her favours."

"Such youth and ſuch philoſophy!" ſaid the lady; "can the alliance be natural?"

"I ſhould think it was," the ſtranger anſwered; "ſince it was of the ſons of nature I learned it."

An exclamation of Mrs. Merrick's broke this converſation. Supported by the ſtranger, Miſs Campinet moved towards her aunt, who complained of extreme illneſs. She had not advanced many ſteps, before, hearing a noiſe, ſhe turned her head, and ſaw Lord

Lord Grondale's carriage; which, in an inſtant, came up, and from which his lordſhip immediately alighted.

Anger and politeneſs are ſeldom coexiſtent qualities, and Lord Grondale was angry. The ſpot on which Miſs Campinet had been ſeated, was a very conſpicuous one. Lord Grondale, who was taking his accuſtomed airing alone this evening, ſaw an unuſual appearance upon it, and directing his pocket teleſcope to the object, ſaw his daughter, the daughter of Lord Grondale, leaning on the boſom of a young man. He ordered himſelf to be driven with all ſpeed to the ſpot; and whether from a love of his daughter or his dignity; or whether from the rapidity of his driving, he found himſelf on his arrival, in a high degree of paſſion. Yet he did not knock the ſtranger down,—he did not. He only ſaid, with the air of a great and angry man, "Who are you, Sir?"

The young man returned him a kind of contemptuous ſmile, but ſaid nothing.

In a ſtill more angry voice Lord Grondale repeated his queſtion.

"I am a man, Sir," replied the ſtranger.

"What man, Sir?" his lordſhip aſked.

"Not of authority," the gentleman anſwered; "and I rejoice at it, ſince the poſſeſſion is ſo little calculated to make mankind amiable."

"My dear father!" ſaid Miſs Campinet.

Her dear father, without paying her the leaſt attention, ſaid, "Are you intitled, Sir, to be thus familiar with the daughter of Lord Grondale?"

"I think I am," anſwered the gentleman, coolly.

"Looſe her, Sir," ſaid his lordſhip.

"Can you ſtand, Miſs Campinet?" the ſtranger aſked.

"Oh yes, Sir,—yes."

He

He withdrew his arm; ſhe tottered a few ſteps, and would have fallen, had he not again caught her.

"What is all this?" ſaid his lordſhip. "Is any thing the matter, Caroline? Are you ill, or perverſe? Who is this young man?"

"Dear Sir!" ſaid Miſs Campinet, "have you not heard?"

"Heard what?" ſaid his lordſhip. "I have heard nothing; but I have ſeen—ſeen, Caroline,—your head reſting upon this young man's boſom. Was that fit for a father to ſee?"

Miſs Campinet could not anſwer; ſhe could only bluſh.

"Yes, Sir," ſaid the ſtranger, "moſt fit."

"You may think ſo, Sir," returned his lordſhip; "but I muſt be better acquainted with your rank and fortune before I ſhall."

"My

"My fortune," anſwered the ſtranger, "kings might envy; it is equal to my deſires. As to rank,—I have been taught only to diſtinguiſh men by virtue."

"Very plain and unceremonious, Sir," ſaid his lordſhip. "Caroline, lean upon my arm; it is proper I ſhould ſupport you."

"Since, then," ſays the ſtranger, "I can no longer be of ſervice, permit me, Miſs Campinet, to wiſh you every poſſible happineſs."

"I hope, Sir," ſhe anſwered, "you will give me an early opportunity to thank you for——"

The gentleman bowed, and ſpringing down the hill, leaped into the coppice, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.

"Why this," ſaid his frowning lordſhip, "this is abſolute invitation, Caroline,—and before me too."

"Could

"Could I ſay leſs, Sir, to the man, who, at the riſk of his own life, has juſt ſaved mine?"

"Your life!"

"Oh Sir! but for him I had been daſhed to pieces. To the attitude, which ſo much diſpleaſed you, I was totally inſenſible. He thought it death."

"All this is incomprehenſible."

They were obliged, however, to defer the explanation, on account of the increaſing illneſs of Mrs. Merrick. Both the ladies, his lordſhip took into his own carriage, and conveyed to Mrs. Merrick's.

As to the explanation, it met his lordſhip ſoon enough. He could not abſolutely deny the action to be gallant; but what young fellow would not have done the ſame? The eclat was great and ſufficient reward. As to himſelf, the obligation, if there was any, was can-

cancelled by the impertinent behaviour of the fellow, who ever he was.

"Would you believe it," ſaid his lordſhip to Doctor Blick, "though I told him I was Lord Grondale, he ſtill ſpoke to me with the appellation of Sir; and had the impudence to tell me he did not mind my rank."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE Reverend Doctor Blick ſeldom walked; but he rode ſometimes out in his chariot; and as he was a profound antiquarian, would ſometimes ſtop to view the remains of the caſtle, the convent, or a remarkable place which had much the appearance of an encampment. It was at the latter place, the day after the affair of the preceding chapter, he obſerved a gentleman viewing it attentively. The doctor alighted, and giving the

the ſtranger the good-morrow, ſaid, "This place, Sir, ſeems to take your attention, and is indeed worthy of it. I preſume you know this was once a Roman camp?"

"No, Sir," the ſtranger replied, "I do not know it."

"Nothing can be plainer, Sir. You ſee it was a ſquare. Here muſt have ſtood the pretorium, here the augurale; that, Sir, muſt have been the decuman gate."

"I ſee, indeed, ground on which theſe things might have been,—nothing to indicate with certainty that they were."

"I have ſtudied the place ſo long, Sir, and with ſo much attention, that I can demonſtrate it. I can tell you exactly where were the ſtations of the *volites*, the *haſtati*, the *triarii*; their centurions and tribunes."

"They cannot ariſe to contradict you, Sir; nor ſhall I."

"I wiſh to convince you."

"Do not take the trouble, Sir. I have ſeen many places of encampment like this. Some

Some where the Romans never were. But they ſhall be all Roman, to oblige you."

"You have travelled, then, I preſume, Sir; but you are too young to have travelled much."

"Too young, perhaps, to have travelled to much purpoſe; but I have trod much ground."

"Trod, Sir! Is that term proper? I preſume you did not travel on foot."

"Chiefly ſo, Sir."

"On foot, Sir."

"" On foot."

This was a circumſtance that could not fail, in a mind like Doctor Blick's, to abate ſomething of the reſpect which the gentleman's dreſs and manner might have produced: It did not, however, abate his curioſity.

"Pray, Sir, may I aſk if you travel for profit or pleaſure?"

"Not certainly for profit, if by profit you mean money."

"May

" May I, without preſumption, aſk you another queſtion ?"

" Oh, Sir,—what you pleaſe. It is ſeldom that I have met a gentleman willing to take ſo much trouble about me."

" This mode of travelling,—may it be choice or economy ?"

" It may be both. And your queſtion, Sir,—may it be curioſity, or an inquiſition into my purſe ?"

" Sir,—I—I—am—am rector of this pariſh—Sir,—and we think ourſelves intitled, Sir, to make certain enquiries, Sir, when ſtrangers come into it."

" And do all ſtrangers think you entitled to information ?"

" They ought."

" I fear, reverence for the clergy,—I rather mean implicit obedience,—does not ſtand ſo high now, as when the caſtle and the convent now in view, were filled by illuſtrious barons and holy monks."

" A

"A little more reverence for the clergy would be no diſhonour to theſe times, I preſume."

"They have leſs, in your opinion, than they merit."

"Yes, Sir,—do you ſay the contrary?"

"Oh, no!—I have no inclination to be libelled for hereſy; Sir, I wiſh you a good morning."

CHAP. VII.

MRS. MERRICK had a relation at Falmouth, a couſin, whoſe name was Sumelin, a banker, opulent and reſpectable. To him, as guardian, a Mr. Fluart had confided his only child, a daughter, with a fortune of 20,000l. Miſs Fluart, ſeven years old at her father's death, was now twenty. At ſixteen ſhe was taken from the boarding-ſchool, —I beg pardon,—ſeminary; and Mr. Sumelin was much perplexed what to do with her.

In his youth he had been much abroad, and had looked at men and women of great varities of colour, modes, and manners. He had even looked at kings and queens,—at lamas, bonzes, and muftis; and having compared and conſidered what they might, could, or ſhould have done, with what they did, he could not always determine, whether they were delegates from heaven above, or from the earth below; or whether mankind had arrived at its ultimatum of perfection and happineſs, under any church or any ſtate, or under any alliance between them. That this is a heterodoxy moſt abhorred, I own; and I am ſorry it ſhould exiſt in any of theſe my people; but truth being a neceſſary evil in this world ſometimes, a poor biographer has not the right to diſpenſe with it, as have the diſtinguiſhed perſonages whom I ſhall always look up to as my divinities here on earth. But I am making my own reflections, when I ſhould be making Mr. Sumelin's; a man of integrity, indeed, in his dealings, but of inſanity

ſanity in his notions, as wiſdom goes now. In ſhort, a very odd man.

But neither Mrs. Sumelin, nor her eldeſt daughter, Harriot, were ever charged with oddity. On the contrary, they were ſo extremely like ladies in general, that every man's eyes and ears may ſave me the trouble of drawing their portraits.

Mrs. Sumelin had ſeen her tenth luſtrum. At eighteen ſhe was angelic; for ſhe had a ſmooth white ſkin and 12000l. In intellect, not ſuper-abundant; nor was it neceſſary; for to the ſhining qualities above-mentioned, underſtanding may or may not be added; it is of little conſequence, eſpecially in genteel life. Its want may be copiouſly ſupplied by vanity.

Miſs Sumelin,—many fathers would have doated on her, for ſhe was a perfect copy of her mother. Fond to exceſs of the fine and faſhionable, and an adorer of ſweet pretty things.

things. It is not amongſt the foibles of the dear ſex that I place theſe propenſities; for I believe it pleaſed God to make them a part of the conſtitution of their natures; and ſurely, in his laſt, beſt work, there could be no imperfection.

So, I fear, did not Mr. Sumelin think. Againſt theſe innocent and elegant penchants, he frequently darted his keeneſt arrows; but they fell dead to the ground, repelled by the panoply of this mother and daughter; and Mr. Sumelin had the ſatisfaction, in common with moſt huſbands, to ſee theſe charming inclinations grow into paſſions, under his reprobation.

Charlotte, the youngeſt daughter, was not ſo exact a copy of her mother; her reſemblances were more to her father; and this, perhaps, was the cauſe why the paternal affections were rather ſtronger than the maternal and ſiſterly. Of the age of Miſs Fluart, ſhe had been moſtly with her at the ſeminary;

and I believe had imbibed a ſtronger affection for her than for any other human being.

For the reſt, one found in the family of Mr. Sumelin, a portion of love and harmony, ſuch as is uſually given. They might, indeed, ſometimes ſay diſagreeable things to each other; but the balance of power lay, as it always ought, with the ladies; for Miſs Sumelin, making it a rule never to differ from her mother when her father did, the gentleman was conſequently outvoted in matters of action, and out-talked in matters of ſpeculation; which little inconveniences he was obliged to bear as well as he was able,—and he generally bore them beſt at a tavern.

Poets and fabuliſts agree, that men are not animals very quickſighted to their own errors; but that they are ſeldom blind to the errors of their wives, much beyond the honey moon. I believe Mr. Sumelin is not to be charged with any defect of viſion. He ſaw that

that his own houſe was not ſuch a reſidence for Miſs Fluart, as he could entirely approve, and he determined to place her with ſome judicious female friend. Of theſe he had not a very copious liſt; and on ſcrutiny, one accident or other, too much or too little affluence,—too much or too little wiſdom,—too much or too little good humour, rendered every individual not the exact perſon he could have wiſhed. The higheſt in his eſtimation ſtood Mrs. Merrick; but ſhe was too much a recluſe. So, at length, he agreed that his ward ſhould live half with her, and half with himſelf at Falmouth.

So far as it enlarged their circle of pleaſures, Mrs. and Miſs Sumelin liked this very well; but in the cup of enjoyment, there is uſually ſome ill taſted ingredient or other: In the company of Miſs Fluart, Miſs Sumelin was leſs a goddeſs. Is there on earth one ſovereign, male or female, who can bear, *equo animo*, a diminution of ſovereignity?

At the time we are now writing of Miſs Fluart and her friend, Charlotte Sumelin, were at Falmouth. A very regular correſpondence was kept up by the fair friends during their ſeparation. I am not allowed to oblige my readers with the whole of it; but with thoſe letters only which have ſome connexion with my preſent purpoſe. A few days after her accident, Miſs Campinet received the following; with it I chuſe to begin.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Miss Fluart *to* Miss Campinet.

"I Hope, Miſs Campinet, you have been fretting and fuming, though not ſo much as to hurt your complexion, that poſt after poſt ſhould paſs by Grondale-place, without leaving a letter from my ladyſhip. To how many cauſes can you have attributed this prodigy? Imprimis,—ſhe is dead. Not quite ſo bad as that neither. Secondly,—ſhe is married. Not quite ſo good as that.

Thirdly,—ſhe is eloped. A tolerable conjecture, my dear; but you have miſtaken the perſon. Yes, we have had an elopement, ſure enough; and if half the ſquirrels of Falmouth had died, the buſtle could ſcarce have been greater. Poor Harriet Sumelin, the idol of her dear mother, a pattern to all the daughters of men in this town and its precincts, has ſo tainted her fame, that I do not believe ſhe will be conſulted this month, even about a new cap.

" Mr. Sumelin's head clerk, a Mr. Fillygrove, is the author of this maſs of evil; a young man with a ſweet pretty face, and two well enough ſhaped legs. Theſe are conſidered as great accompliſhments by young ladies; and the contemplation of them, does probably add to the happineſs of the poſſeſſors, if one may judge by Mr. Fillygrove. If this young gentleman happens to be placed over againſt a pier glaſs at dinner, if he drinks your health, his looks are directed not to you, but the glaſs; ſo, if he anſwers a queſtion.

queſtion. Once, when he was addreſſed, and it became evidently neceſſary to direct his regards to the perſon he was going to anſwer, he intended ſo to do, unluckily his eye, on its road, caught the mirror, was faſcinated by it, and the poor youth found it impoſſible to break the charm. In a walk, you ſee him, once a minute, bend in graceful curvature,—throw a glance at thoſe adorable legs,—and reſume his erect poſition with increaſed perpendicularity. Let us do the man juſtice however; he has merit in the compting-houſe; and his father can, if he chuſes, give him two or three thouſand pounds.

"Miſs Harriet Sumelin could not reſiſt ſuch weighty attractions. She was the firſt to feel the power of the little winged deity; but the young man, either not having received a reciprocal wound, or not having advanced in effrontery ſo far as to pretend to a daughter of Mr. Sumelin, a 40,000 pounder, it created a ſort of an embarraſſment in the poor lady, how ſhe ſhould give him the

neceſſary confidence without wounding her own delicacy. Love may be, and I believe is ſometimes, very ingenious; but not being able to teach ingenuity to Harriet, ſhe was obliged to have recourſe to the vulgar method of telling him all about it with her eyes. The language was intelligible enough; they ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and neither of them having the leaſt hope of conſent from the lady's father, they very rightly reſolved not to aſk it, and truſt paternal affection for pardon. So off one night they went for Dover; intending to marry at Calais and return.

" The affair was perfectly underſtood in the morning, by a very dutiful epiſtle, which Harriet had left behind her, to inſtruct papa and mamma; and in which, ſhe laid the fault, if there was any fault, upon deſtiny; for ſhe was ſure marriages were made in heaven. We were all, that is, the ladies of the family, very much affected to be ſure. Mrs. Sumelin teſtified her's by ſcolding and clamour; Charlotte,

lotte, by tears, and almoſt by convulſions; I, by ſilence and meditation. Having all performed our parts a reaſonable time, my guardian, who had eaten his breakfaſt with perfect compoſure, ſaid, "Well, and for what is all this noiſe and pother, Mrs. Sumelin? Your daughter is gone to be married, that's all. I ſuppoſe you intended ſhe ſhould marry one day?"

"But to marry ſo much beneath her, Mr. Sumelin,—and ſuch a coxcomb."

"As to his being a coxcomb, my dear, we muſt ſet that down as a circumſtance in Harriet's favour; coxcombry being the moſt approved qualification of man, in the mind of woman; and as to his being beneath her, I know not what that means."

"No! Mr. Sumelin: So rich as you are, and a young lady with your daughter's accompliſhments."

"As to riches, Mrs. Sumelin, they are my own, and at my own diſpoſal. I may give Mrs. Fillygrove a large fortune, and I may not. It is true, I do not much like maſ-

ſes of money in the hands of fools; but ſhe is my daughter; I ſhall not let her want; and her puppy huſband may one day be weaned of his folly, and may make as reſpectable a man as his poverty of underſtanding will permit."

"And ſo you really mean to forgive them without any ado?"

"Forgive them! yes. Why, I am hardly offended."

"In truth, if the old gentleman had ſpoke the whole truth, I believe he was rather pleaſed than offended.

"And you will not ſend after them, to ſtop them?" aſked Mrs. Sumelin.

"No, really, I will not."

"Mrs. Sumelin continuing much upon the fret, Mr. Sumelin went to the compting-houſe; and we ſaw no more of him, (a thing that happens often) till the next morning. Indeed,

Indeed, we ſcarce ſaw him for ſeveral days after this; for Mrs. Sumelin was always at him, with all the agreeable garrulouſneſs of a fretful woman; and the candour of a wife, who is perfectly convinced that her huſband is always wrong.

About the ſixth day, Mr. Sumelin introduced to us a gentleman from France, an American born, I believe, but having property in France, had been there ſome years; and not liking, I ſuppoſe, the politics of that country, had been ſelling his property; remitting part of the produce to Mr. Sumelin, to whom he had been recommended by a houſe in Philadelphia, in order to have it inveſted in the Engliſh funds.

" How ſhall I deſcribe this young ſtranger to you, my dear? He looks like a man, I think, and yet I have ſeen but few men look like him. He is not an Adonis, like Mr. Fillygrove; nor does he reſemble that accompliſhed perſonage in dreſs or in manners.

The latter are, indeed, rather open and engaging, than graceful. There is an eaſe about him, but it is an unſtudied, unimitated eaſe. It ſeems his own; and becomes him ſo well, that he acquiries our good will, almoſt before he has ſpoke. That his converſation will ſupport his credit with ladies in general, is more than I dare affirm. I will give you a ſmall ſpecimen, that you may judge for yourſelf. By the bye, he has a very ugly name; Hermſprong; it ſounds monſtrous Germaniſh.

Mr. Sumelin. "Have you left America long?"

Mr. Hermſprong. "About five years."

S. "Since then you have reſided in France?"

H. "Properly ſpeaking, I have not reſided any where. Smitten with the love of being ſeen, I have ſhewed myſelf to half Europe; returning occaſionally to France, as I was wanted."

S.

S. "They are going on there in a ſtrange way."

H. "Yes, ſtrange and new. I ſpeak of the cauſes which animate the French; for as to the means—the deſtruction of the human ſpecies—it has been a favourite mode with power of every denomination, ever ſince power was."

S. "What are theſe cauſes you ſpeak of?"

H. "To make mankind wiſer and better."

S. "And do you approve the means?"

H. What—all? Oh no! it is left to the loyal Engliſhman; and is, I am told, a new prerogative,—to approve by the lump. All! no, Sir! All the malignant, as well as the better paſſions, are afloat in France; and malignant actions are the conſequence. Many of the acts of the aſſembly are acts of neceſſity; and ſome, no doubt, of folly."

"I'm ſure," ſays Mrs. Sumelin, "if you had approved them, you muſt have been a ſtrange ſort of gentleman."

"Perhaps

"Perhaps I am, madam; but will you favour me with your reaſons?"

"Are not they all atheiſts?" the lady aſked. "And have not they robbed the nobility and the parſons? and don't they hate kings?"

"There may be many ſuch ſhocking creatures among the men, madam; but the ladies, I aſſure you, are ſtill pious,—ſtill loyal,—ſtill addicted to rank and title: The Engliſh ladies can ſcarce be fonder of diſtinction. Notwithſtanding their boaſted principle of equality, madam, there are very few of the *better* ſort of ladies in France, who would forgive a daughter who married beneath her. I am informed the Engliſh ladies, though they do love rank, are in this particular more placable."

"I fear, Sir," ſaid Mr. Sumelin, pleaſantly, "you are not well informed."

"I appeal to the ladies. You gentlemen are ſaid at preſent to boaſt of cheriſhing prejudices, *becauſe* they are prejudices; ladies cannot be thus abſurd."

"No,

"No, faith! I will do the things what honour I can: This pitch they have not reached: They do, indeed, ſtick as faſt by their prejudices as men can do; not for the curious reaſon above-mentioned, but becauſe they like them; eſpecially when they are founded upon their vanities."

"We are ſure to have your good word," replied Mrs. Sumelin; "but I hope, Mr. —— pray what is your name, Sir?"

"Hermſprong, madam."

"I hope, Mr. Humſprung, you have more ſenſe than to believe him?"

"Oh,—I don't uſually give gentlemen much credit, when they rail at the ladies; leaſt of all on the ſubject we are now treating of. Could you, madam, could any mother, if ſhe had a daughter who had unfortunately fixed her affections not quite ſo prudently as ſhe ought? Could you tear her from your boſom, and give her miſery, only for ſeeking her own happineſs?"

"Mrs. Sumelin ſeemed to ſit uneaſily upon her chair.

"No,

"No, madam," continued the orator, "I ſee an expreſſion in your fine face, (and indeed her fine face was rather roſy) that will not permit me to ſuppoſe you can have a hard heart."

"Sir,—pray, Sir,—" ſaid Mrs. Sumelin, "have you heard?"

"What, madam?"

"That I have a daughter ſo circumſtanced?"

"Indeed! then I hope I am not deceived in my opinion?"

"Do you know what a wretch ſhe has gone off with?"

"Is he a highwayman, madam?"

No, Lord bleſs me! (a little peeviſhly;) but I wiſh I had never ſeen him. Sure, Mr. Sumelin, was bewitched when he took him into his houſe. He is the greateſt coxcomb——"

"The charge is true, no doubt," ſays my guardian; "and yet the ladies never made the diſcovery till he was gone."

"A

"A meſſage from the compting-houſe called Mr. Sumelin out. "The grand diſgrace," ſaid he, as he went, "is having been my clerk."

"I ſhould hardly think that a diſgrace," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong.

"Do you know, Sir, what a fortune Mr. Sumelin can give his daughters?"

"Oh,—half a million each, I ſuppoſe."

"Lord, Sir,—you are ſo perverſe."

"And yet I queſtion whether ſome people may not think the reputation of probity, which Mr. Sumelin alſo poſſeſſes, is better even than that of wealth. Beſides, he was not always ſo rich, you know. Was he ſo, when he was ſo happy as to win your affections? Oh, if a lady's love could increaſe as faſt as a huſband's wealth, how eager all married men would be to get rich."

"Sir, I don't think you talk at all to the purpoſe."

"I am an ignorant young man, madam, roaming up and down the world to pick up a little

little wiſdom. I want to read hearts, eſpecially ladies hearts."

"Then, once for all, I tell you, Mr. Humſprug, that I waſh my hands of Mrs. Fillygrove, if ſhe be Mrs. Fillygrove, for ever."

"Suppoſe ſhe ſhould have repented her deſign, and ſtopped ſhort of its completion?"

"But I can't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing. And if ſhe ſhould, what becomes of her character? That's loſt, let what will happen."

"Dear madam, you puzzle me. If your daughter is married, you diſown her becauſe ſhe is married. This is the firſt caſe. The ſecond is, if ſhe is not married, you diſown her, becauſe—becauſe ſhe is not married."

"I can't think, Mr. Humſprug, what buſineſs you have with it, or what you can know about it, but what you have heard at Falmouth, where all the foul mouths in the town are open."

"I ought to aſk pardon for my impertinence, and hope you will grant it, when you know that it has been my lot, ſo far happy at leaſt,

leaſt, to relieve her from a little diſtreſs at Oſtend."

"Our curioſity was now greatly excited; and we expreſſed it by ſilence and open mouths. Mr. Hermſprong continued.

"I imagine this was the firſt of Mr. Fillygrove's performances in this way; for he neither knew the expence he was likely to incur, nor the proper ſteps to be taken, when he was out of the Britiſh dominions. At Oſtend, his money was exhauſted. At one of the windows of the inn, where I was waiting for a paſſage, I ſaw a lady in tears. I preſumed to enquire the cauſe. This was impertinent, no doubt; but I could not help it. There had been an altercation betwixt Miſs Sumelin and Mr. Fillygrove; for the young man had found no better way of getting rid of his diſtreſs, than by drinking wine. She reproached, and he ſwore. This was their ſituation when I got myſelf introduced. I know not whether I ſhould have got an explanation from Miſs Sumelin, but the gentleman gave me one copiouſly. You may judge,

judge, madam, when I learned that the lady was a daughter of Mr. Sumelin of Falmouth, whom I conſidered, though yet unknown, except by his probity, as the firſt of my friends in England, the matter could not be indifferent to me. In the preſent ſtate of the young lady's mind, I had no great difficulty to convince her of her error. She put herſelf accordingly under my protection. The young man I was under the neceſſity of correcting a little. I did not ſuffer him, however, to feel any other want than the want of common ſenſe. He even returned to England, on board the ſame veſſel; but left us on our landing, nor have we ſeen him ſince. Miſs Sumelin had the goodneſs to accompany me to Falmouth; and is now, I believe, under the care of her father, who is gone to bring a repentant daughter back to the embraces of a forgiving mother."

"I aſſure you," ſays Mrs. Sumelin, "you'll not find me ſo forgiving neither."

"Madam,

" Madam, you are not acquainted with the ſtrength of your own goodneſs."

" This dialogue was put a ſtop to by Mr. Sumelin, who came to inform his lady, that her daughter was in her own apartment, hoping to ſee her; and my advice, Harriet, is, that you ſhould forgive her cordially, and at once; for I cannot turn her out of doors for an offence ſhe has but half committed; and in my own houſe I deſire peace.

" Oh, my dear! what terrible news have I juſt heard. Can it be true? Can my Caroline have been ſo near deſtruction? Heaven bleſs her preſerver, whomſoever it may be. This letter my perturbation will not permit me to finiſh; indeed it is long enough; too long, probably, for the ſtate of mind in which it is likely to find you. Pray, be ſpeedy in gratifying my impatience.

Your affectionate,

MARIA FLUART."

CHAP. IX.

MISS CAMPINET wrote to her friend as follows:

" Senſible of my own deficiency, I ſhould almoſt envy you your happy vivacity, my dear Maria, did it not incline too much towards ſatire,—and were not that ſatire moſtly directed againſt a half fallen ſiſter. But your playfulneſs, I know, is only of the pen,—for your heart is good and kind.

" Yes,

"Yes, my dear, I have indeed had a moſt dreadful eſcape. I cannot think of it without terror. It is probable, nay certain almoſt, that I owe my preſervation to that very Mr. Hermſprong, for I never before heard of the name, the ſubject of your laſt letter. For the minuter particulars, you muſt wait till we can make them the ſubject of converſation. I cannot afford an hour's abſence from my dear aunt, who has been long declining, and this fright, I fear, will accelerate her laſt mortal hour. No one but myſelf, perhaps, would wiſh to retard it, if, as I fear it will, the ſmall remainder of her life muſt be pain and ſickneſs; but to me, you know ſhe is of infinite importance. When I have loſt her, what is to become of me? My father's houſe is little inviting to me, and ſtill leſs proper. Lord Grondale's company, when he has any, are all men; and I wiſh I could add, men of merit. Alas! they are men of play; for I never heard they had other occupation or amuſement, if we except the pleaſures of the table, where they are accuſtomed

cuſtomed to ſit long, and riſe rather more than refreſhed.

"From theſe and other irregularities, you know my father has ſuffered much, and is now ſo much an invalid, that theſe parties come much ſeldomer than uſual. When they do, they are very improper perſons for me to aſſociate with. Then, Lord Grondale has never been in the habit of tenderneſs to me; either, becauſe I have not merit ſufficient to engage his affection, or, as I rather chuſe to flatter myſelf, becauſe he has ſeen ſo little of me. Not that he does not honour me with his notice ſometimes, and ſometimes makes me happy by his good humour; but more commonly, he has ſome faults to blame, or ſome foibles to laſh; and indeed his polite irony is very mortifying. On theſe accounts, my dear Maria, I am now deſirous to engage your promiſe to be with me a few months upon the melancholy event of my dear aunt's deceaſe, and my remove to Grondale Hall. My

My aunt ſends to me; I muſt quit my pen till to-morrow.

" This morning my father called upon me, as he returned from an airing. I muſt relate a part of our converſation, as it gives me an opportunity to inform you of all that has ſince paſſed betwixt Mr. Hermſprong and me. After the uſual queſtions reſpecting my aunt, and a minute's ſilence, my father abruptly ſays, " Caroline, when did you ſee your ſaviour?"

" My lord!" ſays I, with ſome conſternation, for I was ſtartled at the impiety, as I thought, of the queſtion.

" Pſhaw," ſays my father, peeviſhly; " I mean your knight errant; he who ſtopped your precipitate flight down the crag."

" I have ſeen him once only, my lord; a day or two after the accident. He called at my aunt's, and ſent up Mr. Hermſprong's compliments, and an enquiry into our healths. I went down to thank him for my aunt and myſelf; and aſked him if it was in

my power, or—pardon me, Sir, if I preſumed too far—in my father's, to ſerve him? He anſwered, he did not pretend the action laid me under the leaſt obligation. He thought little of its merit, for it was unpremeditated. It was an impulſe,—and it was irreſiſtible."

"Lord Grondale ſaid it was a good diſtinction; he muſt profeſs himſelf of the ſame opinion as to its merit.

"I own, my lord, I was of a different opinion; and thought this modeſty of expreſſion rather enhanced than diminiſhed Mr. Hermſprong's merit reſpecting myſelf; I replied to this purpoſe, and wiſhed to be able to ſhew my gratitude."

"You muſt not then talk to me," he anſwered, "of Lord Grondale; if I muſt have a reward, let it be all your own."

"What curſed effrontery!" my lord exclaimed. "This was a downright declaration of love."

"I did not think ſo, Sir;" but I remained ſilent, becauſe I did not exactly know to what it tended. He explained his meaning directly.

ly. Your ſilence, Miſs Campinet, (theſe were his exact words) accuſes me of preſumption; but of preſumption I am no farther guilty than to wiſh to be allowed the pleaſure of your converſation, when your doors are open to common viſitors. I then ſaid, my aunt's indiſpoſition prevented my ſeeing company at preſent; I feared it would end fatally; in which caſe I hoped for permiſſion to reſide with my father; and to him I muſt look up for the direction of my conduct, and the choice of my acquaintance."

"This was a proper and a pertinent reply, Caroline, if it came from your heart."

"I hope I have never given my father cauſe to ſuſpect my duty and inclinations are at variance."

"The caſe, Caroline, is not uncommon; the generality of daughters of the preſent day, may very well juſtify fathers in ſuch a ſuſpicion; but what anſwer did your hero return?"

"My hero! my lord."

"Well—well—Mr. Hermſprong."

"If ſo,—" Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, (but checked himſelf, ſo that I cannot gueſs what he was then going to ſay. After a pauſe, "I am ſenſible," he ſaid, "your time muſt be now precious; if I have never the pleaſure to ſee you again, accept my moſt earneſt wiſhes for every poſſible felicity." He withdrew with a haſte which did not permit me to reply."

"So ended my converſation with my father; and ſo ends all my knowledge,—perhaps for ever—of Mr. Hermſprong."

Your affectionate

CAROLINE CAMPINET.

CHAP

CHAP. X.

AT the concluſion of our ſixth chapter, we left Mr. Hermſprong bidding good morrow to the Reverend Dr. Blick. In the courſe of his morning's walk, he ſaw a young man taking angles with a Hadley's quadrant. This was my humble ſelf; but I hate egotiſm; and when I have occaſion to mention this ſelf, it ſhall be by the names of Gregory Glen; the firſt of which I derive from my godmothers, the latter I inherit—from my mother. Mr.

Hermſprong, approaching Mr. Glen, aſked if he was ſurveying the county? To which he anſwered, that that was beyond his abilities; this was merely a mathematical amuſement. The ſtranger ſaid, ſuch amuſements were to be envied.

"No," Mr. Glen replied; "your's are the amuſements to be envied; if, as I ſuſpect, you are the happy man to whom the beſt and faireſt of her ſex owes her preſervation."

"Why," he replied, "if mankind is diſpoſed to conſider this as extraordinary, and to pay me for it by a larger portion of eſteem, it is very well. I am willing to receive the reward, though impelled to the action by inſtinct, I ſuppoſe,—for I did not know the lady was the beſt and faireſt of her ſex."

"You refine too much, Sir," ſaid Glen; "do you think I ſhould have done the ſame?"

"I know not," he anſwered, "why I ſhould ſuppoſe the contrary."

"I

"I know," replied Glen; "terror would have deprived me of ſenſe and motion; nor do I think I know a man on whom the ſuddenneſs of a circumſtance ſo terrible, would not have had the ſame effect."

"I conceive I know many," Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, "not indeed amongſt civilized Europeans. Man may be in a ſituation betwixt a ſtate of nature and extreme civilization, ſuch that intrepidity and poſſeſſion of mind, in ſudden danger, may be neceſſary, even for exiſtence. The Aborigines of America, when they hunt or go to war, are expoſed to inſtant peril in many ways. They get a habit of preſence of mind, and habit is nature."

"No doubt," Mr. Glen anſwered, "but this habit ſo ſeldom offers itſelf to our notice, one cannot eaſily conceive it."

"Oh," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, ſmiling, "you are upon your guard, I ſee, againſt the marvellous."

"No, Sir,—indeed no," replied Glen; "I aſſure you I have not the leaſt ſuſpicion, —not the leaſt——"

"Nay, Sir, if you had, it gives me no offence. Travellers have always impoſed upon credulity; and ſenſible men receive their reports now more circumſpectly. I am a ſtranger; you know me not; I relate ſomething that appears to you incredible; you have a right to withhold your aſſent, till more and better information may have convinced you. I believe I am talking to Mr. Glen."

Mr. Glen bowed his anſwer.

"They ſay here you are an intelligent man; that you are humane; honeſt in actions, and open in ſpeech. All theſe are to my taſte. I aſk your friendſhip. If you grant it, I hope to convince you that I hold a manly freedom of thinking and ſpeaking, amongſt the moſt eſtimable qualities of man."

Was

Was it poſſible to refuſe a friendſhip ſo engagingly aſked? No. From that hour it has been the greateſt ſource of Mr. Glen's felicity; and you, my dear readers, owe to it this invaluable book.

CHAP. XI.

THERE was in Hermſprong a ſuperiority in ſcience, and in elevation of ſentiment, which Glen found it impoſſible not to admire, and difficult not to regard with envy. This weakneſs vaniſhed after ſome days familiarity, and the reſerve, which was its conſequence, vaniſhed after it.

Their acquaintance was not cultivated after the ordinary manner; they neither eat nor drank

drank together; for Hermſprong's reſidence was an inn, and Glen boarded and lodged; and each had more taſte for morning excurſions, for the diſcovery of nature's more rare productions, plants or minerals; and eſpecially for the reciprocal communication of mind with mind.

A ſight of the encampment put Mr. Hermſprong in mind of his rencontre with Dr. Blick. Mr. Glen did not ſeem in the humour for panegyric; for his portrait of the Doctor was rather unfavourable. That he united pride with meanneſs; that he was as haughty to his inferiors, as cringing to ſuperiors. An eternal flatterer of Lord Grondale, he did not even preſume to preach againſt a vice, if it happened to be a vice of his patron. And yet, ſaid Glen, this man is rich; has great church preferment, two good livings, and a ſtall; keeps his chariot, and does not chuſe to marry.

"I hope," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "you are not now giving a general picture of the Engliſh clergy?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Glen; "as individuals, I think them generally worthy; and if you deſire to ſee a contraſt to Dr. Blick, you may find it in his curate; a man of learning; of high probity; ſimple in his manners; attentive to his duties; and ſo attached to his ſtudies, that he may be ſaid to be almoſt unacquainted with mankind. This man is married; has four daughters; and from the bountiful rector of Grondale has forty-five pounds per annum, for doing half the duties of Grondale, and the whole of Sithin, a village a mile hence, where he reſides. It is true, he derives about an equal revenue from his patrimonial fortune, otherwiſe it would be impoſſible his family could be ſupported."

"I am as deſirous to court the acquaintance of ſuch a man," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong,

ſprong, " as of avoiding the Dr. Blicks; and will take an opportunity to call of him. Or what do you ſay to bringing him to ſpend a ſocial evening at the Golden Ball ?"

To this Mr. Glen agreed; and the ſucceeding night was the appointed time.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE good curate willingly accepted the invitation, and was ſo punctual that he arrived at the Golden Ball an hour before he was expected; and before Mr. Hermſprong had returned from his afternoon's excurſion. Mr. Tunny, the landlord, however, accommodated him with an eaſy chair in the beſt parlour, a pipe, and a tankard; and was, moreover, ſo obliging as to favour him with his own company. The Reverend Mr. Woodcock

Woodcock took this opportunity to enquire concerning his gueſt.

" Sir," ſaid the landlord, with the air of a man who has ſomething important to communicate, " this Mr. Hermſprong is—a—a—ſort of a man—one does not often ſee—nor is it every man who would know what to make of him. But I have ſeen the world, Mr. Woodcock; I was a private in the 27th, and roſe to be corporal ſolely by merit. I was in the hotteſt of the laſt German war. Sir, I have lived upon gun-powder. My wife, the late widow Trott, preferred me to ſix; ſhe knew men; and I'll be bold to ſay, I have not deceived her. This houſe is much altered ſince I came to it. I am ſorry not to ſee you oftener in it, Mr. Woodcock; I have very good company. Doctor Blick has done me the honour more than once. I threw out that bow window; I ſet up the butts. I know the world, Sir, and I know men muſt be attracted. Sir, my reſpectful ſervice to you."

A long draught gave Mr. Woodcock an opportunity to put his landlord in mind of Mr. Hermſprong.

" I'll tell you, Sir," ſays Tunny; " it is by little things you know a man. That was a maxim of the king of Pruſſia and Marſhall Keith. I ſerved under Marſhall Keith. He was a great commander. I was not 500 yards from him, when he fell. If he had lived I ſhould not have been landlord of the Golden Ball at Grondale. But providence is over all: Things will be as God pleaſes. Marſhall Keith took a liking to me. I never think of him without abundance of ſorrow. So, Sir, my reſpectful ſervice to you."

" Thank you, landlord; but Mr. Hermſprong."

" Why, Sir, when I think of my dear Marſhall Keith, I can think of nobody elſe. If he had lived, things would not have been quite as they are. Not but the late king of Pruſſia was a good ſoldier too; but then he had no religion; and a ſoldier without religion,

gion, Mr. Woodcock,—what is he? D—n my blood, if I value any man that has no religion. The tankard ſtands at you, Sir. A man never fights his beſt that don't believe a cannon ball may carry him to heaven."

"It is a good foundation for a ſoldier to build upon. But we forget Mr. Hermſprong."

"Why, Sir, here he comes about ten days ago, at ſeventeen minutes paſt five in the evening; himſelf on foot; his ſervant on horſeback, with his portmanteau, not coming in till eight. Now, what do you think, Mr. Woodcock, was the firſt thing he called for?"

"Perhaps," ſaid the curate, "a private room for prayer and thankſgiving."

"No, Lord bleſs you! I never had but one gueſt of that ſtamp, and he went off with two ſilver ſpoons in his pocket."

"No, Sir, he called for a tub of water."

"Water!"

"Water, Sir! that's his way. He will walk you forty miles in a morning. His ſhoes

ſhoes are as ſoft and pliable as ſilk. Well, Sir, after his cold bath, he dined upon a cold round of beef; and faith, he played his part like a man. A couple of pounds vaniſhed in a twinkling; and he ſeaſoned them with a quart or two of good ſpring water, Not a drop of good liquor has he drank in my houſe. His ſervant, indeed, might have made up the deficiency a little, but he was off the next morning, and I have not ſeen him ſince. The gentleman himſelf took a morning's walk; and to tell you the truth, I did not much expect to ſee him again. However, he did return at laſt, and called for coffee. I obſerved him attentively while he eat me a twopenny loaf; for I learned to read men under Marſhall Keith; and when he had finiſhed, he did, for the firſt time, notice Tom Tunny, at the Golden Ball; a man that, no diſgrace to Mr. Hermſprong, has converſed with as good men as himſelf. He talked to me about proſpects and old caſtles, and other trifling things; it is true, he did not then know I had ſerved under Marſhall Keith.

Since

Since then, we have been better acquainted. I ſuppoſe at that time I might anſwer rather glum; ſo he ceaſed his queſtions, and demanded his bill. It came to four ſhillings and three-pence. So he takes out a purſe; to ſay truth, it did not ſeem to want ammunition; and giving me one pound one, deſired change. Then, ſays he, in a droll way enough, I have learned to divide landlords into three claſſes: Thoſe who charge with primitive modeſty; thoſe who charge with the modeſty of men—who know the world; and thoſe who charge without any modeſty at all. The firſt, I make it a rule to pay double; the ſecond, according to my ſenſe of their modeſty; to the laſt, I pay their bills. You know the world, Mr. Tunny, and my ſyſtem requires, that I ſhould pay you three half-crowns. Sir, ſays I, your ſervant. For really the man's manner was ſo gracious and comical, that, though I thought it beneath me to take the overplus,—for, Sir, I had the command of a company once on the occaſion of a retreat for twenty-four hours,—yet, as this

fort

ſort of humour was rather ſcarce, I put the affront, if it was one, quietly in my pocket. Well, Sir; he then told me he liked the country and my houſe; perhaps he might ſtay a few weeks; and as he was a ſtranger, and did not like daily reckonings, I muſt do him the favour to lock up a bank note for him in my bureau. Sir, ſays I, I cannot doubt the honour of a gentleman who behaves ſo generouſly. The ſimple language of truth, ſays he, is the beſt. Now, you know, this was not polite; but he is an odd gentleman; ſometimes you would think him the politeſt man in the world; and at others, he minds it no more than my dragon. Have you ſeen my dragon, Mr. Woodcock?"

"No, really," the curate anſwered, "I never ſaw one in my life."

"Never ſaw a ſtallion in your life! Well you ſcholars ſee, or rather do not ſee, ſtrange things."

The converſation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Hermſprong, along with Mr. Glen.

The proper civilities over, Mr. Hermſprong enquired of Mr. Woodcock what liquor he choſe; to which the curate anſwered, Ale and a pipe were his luxuries.

"Then," ſaid Hermſprong, "this evening they ſhall be mine. I wiſh we could make them ſo to honeſt Tom Tunny here; but, alas! to him they are abſolute neceſſaries. Mr. Glen, provide for yourſelf and Mr. Tunny, whoſe company will be an additional pleaſure to us, for he knows the world, and has ſerved under Marſhal Keith."

"Sir," ſays the landlord, "I ſhall be happy to have the honour of drinking the firſt glaſs with you, you have choſe to drink in my houſe."

"Heaven gave us wine for a cordial," Mr. Hermſprong replied, "and ale for a luxury;

luxury; and I make it a point of conſcience to keep them ſo."

"But," ſays our landlord, "how any gentleman can reliſh water, as you do, is to me ſurpriſing. Why, it has no more taſte than——"

"Water," replied Mr. Hermſprong. "But ſalt itſelf will become inſipid to a man who is always ſpreading coian over his tongue."

"Coian, Sir!" ſaid the landlord; "zounds, I have lived upon gunpowder. Are martial ſpirits to be kept up by water?"

"No certainly," Mr. Hermſprong anſwered; "Engliſhmen are lions with beer, and heroes with brandy. The field of battle is the bed of honour; and I dare ſay Mr. Tunny has a thouſand times regretted the not lying in it with Marſhal Keith."

"Curſe me if I have though," ſays honeſt Thomas. "No, Sir, I have attacked a battery, and ſtormed a breach; I have ſeen death all around and about me; but to tell you a ſecret,

ſecret, the devil take me, if ever I wiſhed him an inch nearer."

"That ſentiment is ſo natural," ſaid the curate; "one may rely upon the truth of it, without ſwearing."

"Why, as to the ſwearing," returned the landlord, "its as natural to a ſoldier as praying to a parſon; a ſoldier has not a bit leſs religion for it in his heart."

A carriage this inſtant ſtopping at the door, obliged Mr. Tunny to poſtpone what more he had to ſay in defence of ſwearing. It was Dr. Blick, who had taken an airing this evening as far as Sithin, to order his journeyman to double duty the next Sunday; and being informed where Mr. Woodcock was gone, was returning that way home.

When the Doctor had given his orders to the poor curate, he condeſcended to aſk who his company were; and being informed, ſaid, "If I could get a good tiff of punch now, I would come in for half an hour."

"As

" As good as good rum, lemon, and ſugar can make it," ſays Tunny.

Doctor Blick was announced by the landlord, at his entrance into the parlour.

Hermſprong had almoſt begun ſternly to ſay, " By what right, Sir, do you introduce a ſtranger to a ſelect company without leave," when the caſt down humble look of poor Woodcock diſarmed his anger, and made him forbear. He contented himſelf, however, with ſlightly riſing, and ſitting down again. Glen was equally unpolite; but Tunny's buſtling aſſiduity made it the leſs obſervable.

When the Doctor was accommodated with the eaſy chair, his punch, and a pipe, and no one ſeeming inclined to ſpeak, " I beg," ſays the Doctor, " I may not interrupt the converſation."

Still ſilence prevailing, Mr. Tunny ſays, " Why, Doctor, I happened to ſwear a little, and

and Mr. Woodcock reproved me; whereas, if he had been chaplain to a regiment, he would have known that a ſoldier muſt ſwear; I don't ſee, for my part, how the ſervice can be carried on without it."

"I do not ſee why," ſaid the curate.

"Sir, I will tell you," replied the Doctor; "you cannot ſuppoſe that a clergyman can be an advocate for ſwearing in general; but I have heard ſenſible officers, both in the ſea and land ſervice ſay, that it ſupports a certain energy; and if ſoldiers and ſailors were forbidden it, their courage would droop."

"There now," cried Tunny, with exultation, "did not I tell you? Doctor Blick has ſeen life. One always expects ſenſible obſervations from gentlemen that have ſeen life. I ſerved under Marſhall Keith, and know a thing or two. Now, here is Mr. Hermſprong has been ſuppoſing that I muſt be ſorry that I did not fall in the field of honour with Marſhall Keith; but he is confoundedly miſtaken."

"Yes," ſaid the Doctor, "it is a miſtake which no man could have fallen into, who has ſtudied human nature to any purpoſe. The love of life is ſo ſtrong, that ſcarcely any calamity can weaken it."

"No," ſays Hermſprong; "nor in *very* civilized countries, any affection,—not even the love of heaven."

"I have been told," ſaid Glen, "that ſavages are taught, and really learn to deſpiſe it."

"Sir," ſays the Doctor, "man cannot deſpiſe it."

"I believe," Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, "deſpiſe is not the proper term. A ſavage, put to his choice, will, in all common ſituations, prefer life; but without dreading death with the timidity of nations, who are taught from infancy to fear it."

"Sir," replied Doctor Blick, "you may ſay what you pleaſe of ſavages; it is all nonſenſe. Man muſt fear death. It is a leſſon of nature. You teach in vain, if you teach leſſons contrary to nature."

"Pray,

"Pray, Sir," aſked Hermſprong, "what is nature?"

"Aſk a ſchool boy, Sir," ſaid the Doctor.

"It is not your rudeneſs," replied Hermſprong; "your impoſing tone, nor airs of ſuperior knowledge, that ſhall deter me from telling you, Sir, that even Doctors may make ſuperficial diſtinctions. Man cannot be taught any thing contrary to nature. However he acts, he muſt act by nature's laws; howſoever he thinks, he muſt think by nature's laws."

"Sir," ſays the Doctor, "if I have rudeneſs, you have preſumption. Let me aſk you a ſimple queſtion. Is a fever natural?"

"Moſt certainly. Its whole proceſs is according to the immutable laws of nature."

"Very true; in an enlarged ſenſe; but by natural we mean only the common courſe of things."

"What philoſopher calls earthquakes and ſtorms unnatural?"

"Well, Sir; but this does not prove that man can get above the fear of death."

"Will you accept, as proof, the bravery of our ſailors, in the hour of battle?"

"No, Sir."

"Suicide, at leaſt, muſt be proof compleat."

"No, Sir; it is lunacy."

"Alas! half the actions of our lives are lunacies, I think; and none more than thoſe we reaſon ourſelves into. War is lunacy, and we call in all the powers of reaſon to prove it wiſdom. Perhaps, the fear of death itſelf is a lunacy; for to a reflecting mind, at leaſt, death is not an evil."

"Death not an evil!" ſays the Doctor, in a tone of ſurpriſe.

"Zounds, Sir! death not an evil!" cries Tunny.

"I ſhould ſuppoſe not," Mr. Hermſprong anſwered; "death is privation of ſenſe; can any evil happen to that ſtone?"

This

This appeared to the Doctor to border on infidelity; a thing ſo execrable, root and branch, that it ought to be burnt out of the world by fire and faggot.

"Sir," ſaid he, "are you an atheiſt? Death, privation of ſenſation! No, Sir; it is enlargement of ſenſation. It is renovation—it is the gate of life—it is a paſſport to eternal joys."

"Then ſurely," ſaid Hermſprong, "it is not an evil."

Now the good Doctor was vexed at this; he had like to have broke his pipe; and ſo much the more vexed, as the fool of a landlord cried out, "But, zounds! Doctor, he has flanked you."

His anger fell on poor Tunny, whom he rebuked ſeverely, and then returned with freſh vigour to the conteſt.

"It muſt be ſuppoſed I muſt mean what I laſt ſaid only for the good. To the wicked death ſurely is an evil."

"Let Tom Tunny look to that," ſaid Hermſprong, gaily.

"Then, Sir, you think yourſelf the man without ſin."

"Syllogiſtically, all men are ſinners. All men who do not do what the church requires, are ſinners. But all men do not do what the church requires. Then, all men are ſinners."

"Sir, you have quick parts; but all the parts in the world, without faith, will not enſure ſalvation."

"Oh! if it depends upon faith, I have no reaſon to deſpair. At Liſbon I believed all holy catholic things; at Rome I believed in the infallibility of the tiara; and in England I believe in church and king, the firſt article of faith; which, if a man do not do, he cannot be ſaved."

"Mr. Hermſprong,—that is your name, I think,—religion is not a jeſt."

"Well,

"Well, Doctor, diſpute is diſagreeable; altercation pitiful. It is eaſy on this ſubject to give offence by innocent or careleſs expreſſions. I deſire to give no offence; therefore beg leave to decline the ſubject."

"Young gentleman, I muſt not let you off ſo. It is my duty to put you right, if I find you wrong. I ſuſpect you have imbibed ſome of the abominable doctrines of the French philoſophers; ſome heretical tenets, which will plunge you into the bottomleſs pit."

The Doctor now began to drink off his glaſſes of punch very quick; and as he had preached againſt infidelity but the laſt ſabbath, he remembered much of the ſermon; and, meeting with no interruption from the company, who preſerved a profound ſilence, he preached it over again with much animation.

When he had finiſhed, Mr. Hermſprong thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and drank his health.

"But," ſaid the Doctor, "you ſay nothing to my diſcourſe; I hope I have not preached in vain."

"In vain, I fear, to Tom Tunny here."

The Doctor looked, and, lo! the man was aſleep. He was preſently awaked, and received a ſharp reprimand.

"Doctor," ſays the landlord, "I always thought a pulpit a fitter place to preach in than an alehouſe; and that a man muſt fall aſleep when he cannot keep himſelf awake. It is not orthodox here, to preach over our liquor. Gentlemen, my ſervice to you. Solomon ſaid there was a time for all things; a time to preach, and a time to let it alone; and I am ſure there is no better time to let it alone, than when good company meet together to be merry."

"You are beneath my notice," ſaid the Doctor, with great dignity; "but for this young gentleman——"

"I

" I requeſt, Sir, you will do me the favour to conſider me as beneath your notice alſo," ſaid Hermſprong.

" I don't like obſtinacy in a young man. You was the perſon who had the good luck to do a piece of ſervice to Miſs Campinet?"

No anſwer.

" That," continues the Doctor, " was a fortunate event for the young lady, and might have been ſo to you, had you thought proper to treat his lordſhip with proper reſpect."

" Sir, I have no reſpect for his lordſhip."

" No, young man; nor for any body elſe, I think."

" I pay it, Sir, where I owe it."

" The man will have ſomething to do, who ſets himſelf the taſk of correcting your errors."

" It is too much even for a Doctor of divinity. I ought to be grateful, however, for the intention; and to return the obligation where I can. You yourſelf, Sir, ſeem to have one ſmall error. I recommend officiouſneſs to your correction."

The Doctor's face grew red with anger. In a raiſed tone he ſaid, "Let me tell you, young man——"

"Stop, Sir," ſaid Hermſprong, riſing; "by what right do you preſume to ſpeak to me with the tone of a maſter? I owe you no obedience; and deſpiſe you for your tyrannical and contentious ſpirit. Mr. Tunny, let another room be prepared for Mr. Glen and I. Mr. Woodcock, when the Doctor chuſes to leave a place where he had no right to intrude, we ſhall be glad of your company."

Mr. Hermſprong left the room as he ſaid this, and was folllowed by Glen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"Is this," Mr. Hermſprong aſked, "a general ſpecimen of the Engliſh clergy?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Glen; "except a certain portion of rancour againſt thoſe who differ from them in religion or politics (an effect probably ſpringing from their *l'eſprit du corps,*) they are in general rather amiable than otherwiſe. But they are men. Sometimes, in their too earneſt deſire of the good things here below, they are apt to for-

get thoſe above. They are wiſe, however; and if unfortunately they are aſſaulted by any violent cupidities, they commonly take the proper means of obtaining them. Doctor Blick, for example, having been ſeized with that capital diſorder, the love of accumulation, has furniſhed himſelf with a prudent quantity of adulation, which has anſwered his purpoſe well; he has church preferment to near 1000l. per annum; and has not, I am told, laid aſide his expectations of a biſhopric."

"And is the want of this agreeable quality," aſked Hermſprong, "to be aſſigned as the cauſe of Mr. Woodcock's not riſing in the church?"

"Alas!" replied Glen, "not having been in the way of ſubjects on whom to practiſe, he has not taken the trouble to acquire it. Nor is this the only point of contraſt betwixt himſelf and his reverend maſter. Beſides, taking care not to loſe any thing of his dues, by a fooliſh lenity, or by a love of peace, the Doctor knows it is his duty rather

to govern than to teach his flock; and he governs *à la royale*, with imperious airs, and imperious commands. Woodcock, on the contrary, is one of the mildeſt of the ſons of men. It is true, he preaches humility, but he practiſes it alſo; and takes pains, by example, as well as precept, to make his pariſhioners good, in all their offices, their duties, and relations. To the poor, he is indeed a bleſſing; for he gives comfort, when he has nothing elſe to give. To him they apply when ſick; he gives them ſimple medicines; when they are in doubt, he gives them wholeſome counſels. He is learned too, and liberal in his opinions; but of manners ſo ſimple, and ſo ignorant of faſhion and folly, that to appear in the world would ſubject him to infinite ridicule."

"You give me," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "a deſire to know all that can be known of ſo good, and I ſuppoſe ſo odd a man."

"He was," ſays Glen, "the only child of an honeſt ſhop-keeper at Truro, who having ſaved ſome money, yielded to the inſtigation of

of his wife, who wiſhed to ſee her ſon a gentleman. In conſequence he went to Cambridge, went through his reſpondentia with applauſe, and took his degrees. After this he returned home, to ſhew his father and mother how well they had laid their money out, and to wait promotion. This, however, never came. Inſtead of it, there happened a bankruptcy of a capital miner; with whom Mr. Woodcock, the father, had lodged all the money he did not employ in trade. This broke the old man's heart; and after his death, his debts and effects, compared, excluſive of the money due from the miner, left a balance in his mother's favour of only 200l. A little time the widow kept on trade; but not underſtanding it, ſhe had more of loſs than gain. The young man then advertized for a curacy; which happened at the lucky moment, when Dr. Blick had obtained the patronage of Lord Grondale, by activity and certain ſkilful manœuvres, in a conteſted election, which, but for him, it was ſaid, would have gone againſt his lordſhip's candidate.

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The oppoſite party, indeed, threatened the Doctor with a proſecution for certain matters which had only preſcription to ſupport them, not law; and which trenched a little upon moral honeſty; but it ſoon appeared to be a hopeleſs buſineſs. For, beſides that moral honeſty is ſeldom applied as an agent in elections, it was found that Dr. Blick was an approved man, orthodox in church and ſtate; ſuch a man as theſe bad times want.

"The livings of Grondale and Sithin had been vacant almoſt a month. Lord Grondale had promiſed them to a Mr. Edwards, a very worthy man. It was pity. Dr. Blick applied, and it was almoſt impoſſible not to reward ſuch and ſuch recent merit. Mr. Edwards was abroad, tutor to a young gentleman, but daily expected home. So Lord Grondale ventured to give the livings, and excuſe it to Edwards in the beſt manner poſſible. At laſt it occurred to his lordſhip, that the promiſe was verbal, and made three or four years ago; and that he might eaſily forget it. So he forgot it.

"Dr.

" Dr. Blick accepted Mr. Woodcock as his curate, on the ſtipend of 40l. per annum, to which he afterwards generouſly added 5l. more, on condition of undertaking the duty of both churches, when the Doctor happened to be abſent, or indiſpoſed; and he has been ſo often indiſpoſed to the office, that it has almoſt wholly devolved upon the curate.

" Upon this ſplendid revenue, Woodcock and his mother ſupported exiſtence ſome years, till the bankrupt's affairs were ſettled; and at length received 1400l. This was wealth indeed. The mother enjoyed it three years, and died. The ſon, after his firſt ſorrows were over, found himſelf very much alone; and at length diſcovered that the ſummit of human felicity is not to be reached without a wife. But on the ſubject of women he was peculiarly delicate. The lady he honoured with his hand, muſt be as perfect as the frail ſtate of mortality will permit. For her perſon, it muſt be genteel; ſhe muſt be beautiful in face, and elegant in dreſs. She muſt be pious and charitable; well read, and well

well inſtructed in domeſtic affairs; moreover ſhe muſt be richly endowed with all the virtues.

" Miſs Dorothea Barton was the daughter of a farmer, a mile diſtant. Mr. Woodcock had ſeen her once or twice during the life of his mother; but he did not then think of a wife; and, indeed, the young lady did not perfectly correſpond with the beautiful idea in the parſon's mind. So he thought not of her, till happening to drink tea at Mr. Snape's, the miller, he met her there; and as Mrs. Snape lamented that her huſband was not at home, to attend the young lady back, it became a neceſſary piece of gallantry in the parſon, to offer himſelf as her eſcort. Miſs Barton had been a virgin ten years longer than the fitneſs of things required, no doubt, owing to her extreme cruelty; but time diſpoſes maidens to abate their rigour towards men. She was well read; for her brother had the goodneſs to bring her all the novels from the circulating library of the next market town; and ſhe ſpoke of love with an enthuſiaſm

thuſiaſm that muſt have been irreſiſtible to a man of feeling. She ſaid it was the cordial drop of life; and ſhe ſaid it as ſhe was getting over a ſtile. The ſtile was high; ſhe was rather awkward; and there was a breeze which did not permit her petticoats the full force of gravitation. Inſtead of looking up in her beauteous face, and aſſiſting her properly, the curate had thrown his eyes upon a ſweet pretty foot, and a pillar, perhaps of the Corinthian order, which it ſupported. All this created a ſort of confuſion of idea probably in both their heads. Miſs Barton ſaid, O dear! and almoſt tumbled into the parſon's arms. What would have been the conſequence, had they not opened to receive her, I cannot tell; what was the conſequence, his own church bells, within fifteen days, proclaimed to the univerſe. So Mr. Woodcock got a wife; a good one; one of the notables; and as fruitful as the vine which covers the ſouth-weſt end of his parſonage houſe. I fear, however, that this will prove a moſt unfortunate night."

Mr.

Mr. Hermſprong was about to enquire why, when a diſtant noiſe was heard, as it ſhould ſeem, of angry people. Soon after the parlour door was opened; Dr. Blick walked in haſty majeſty to his carriage; ſaying, as he went, I have done with you, Woodcock,—I have done with you; a parſon, and tainted with principles almoſt republican! I have done with you; I repeat my warning; get another curacy, if you are able, in a month. I,—I foſter a man whoſe divinity is unſound, and his loyalty queſtionable!"

"My opinions," anſwered Woodcock, "you have long known: I neither conceal them, as if they diſgraced me,—nor officiouſly promulgate them, as if they did me honour. How is it, that borne ſo long, you are ſo enraged againſt them to-night?"

"If," the Doctor replied, "I have borne with them, it was out of pity to your family. I never liked them, nor you; and I don't like you the better, for taking the part of a young coxcomb againſt me; and telling me to my teeth,

teeth, that I was wrong in argument, and rude in manner."

"I told you ſo," ſaid the curate, "becauſe it was truth; which, as you are ſo little able to bear, and ſince you have explained yourſelf ſo fully, I accept your warning; and give you warning, in my turn, to provide yourſelf, if you are able, with another curate in a month. So, I wiſh you a good night."

The Doctor vociferated ſomething about inſolence, mounted his carriage, and was driven off.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE curate, animated by the ſpirit which prompted the reply of the laſt chapter, entered to his friends; to whom he was beginning an apology for the introduction of the Doctor——

"Who, notwithſtanding, introduced himſelf," ſaid Glen, ſmiling.

"That is true," the curate replied; "but I was the cauſe."

"But

" But I did not do it with malice aforethought," ſaid Glen, taking the curate's tone and manner. " But," he continued, " how ſhould I be angry at a thing which has exhibited my friend in a new and intereſting light? I thought him almoſt incapable of indignation."

" I own," ſays the curate, " I do not love the ſtormy paſſions; and employ all my poor ſtock of philoſophy to keep them down. But you know the proverb, I tread upon a worm, &c. This night I have been leſs affronted in myſelf than in my friends, if Mr. Hermſprong will permit me to uſe the appellation."

Mr. Hermſprong replied, that Glen had been giving him a compendium of his hiſtory. The worthy man predominated in it. His friendſhip would give him pleaſure.

The curate made a reply expreſſive of gratitude.

" Since

"Since it is ſo," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "why ſhould we not leap the boundaries of ceremony, that bane of true affection,—be at once old friends, and enquire what effect the quarrel of this night may have upon your happineſs, Mr. Woodcock, and upon that of your family?"

"I muſt own," the curate replied, "we are not invulnerable to the attacks of fortune. But there are more curacies in the world; and, beſides, it is not a world intended to produce flowers alone; there will be thorns intermingled. I have a very good wife, and four ſweet girls. If God give them grace, they have never been in much danger from the evils of luxury in my houſe, nor likely to be. No matter, As Mr. Prior ſays, bread we ſhall eat, or white or brown."

"And is 45l. per annum, ſo immenſe a ſum," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "that it can be ſupplied you no other way?"

"All ways," replied Mr. Woodcock, are interdicted to a parſon, except the preſs; and before he attempts that, he ſhould be per-

perſuaded that he is poſſeſſed of ſome kind of talent, which may profit his readers as well as himſelf; now, I have not yet perſuaded myſelf of this."

"Have you any proof to the contrary?" aſked Glen.

"I know not but I may," the curate anſwered; "but it is a ſecret which I have not truſted even to my wife. However, as it is not uncommon to keep wives ignorant of what all the world beſide is acquainted with, I will venture to tell you. Once upon a time Mrs. Woodcock was patching up ſome matters of apparel for our young folks, when one of them, a vivacious thoughtleſs little thing, made a motion that utterly undid what my wife had been doing for the laſt hour. Now, Mrs. Woodcock is a very good woman; but ſhe is a woman; and it is only for philoſophers, and I believe, for the philoſophers of paſt times, to bear patiently the ruin of a work almoſt compleated by their own labour. Mrs. Woodcock could not. Firſt, ſhe ſlapped the child, then ſcolded it. Next

ſhe

ſhe looked at the work, ſat herſelf down in deſpair, and cried. I then thought it proper to begin with a few words of comfort; but I ſoon found they would at preſent be thrown away. I ventured, however, upon a little reproof for her want of patience. "Preach patience, Mr. Woodcock," ſhe returned, "in the pulpit; what you ſay there is all good and goſpel, and woe be to thoſe who offer to contradict you; but out of the pulpit, Mr. Woodcock, you know no more than other people, and perhaps not ſo much. I think, for my part, parſons have the faculty of not knowing moſt things that are uſeful. I wonder what their learning is good for, if they can't turn it to ſome profit."

"Now, I muſt do Mrs. Woodcock the juſtice to own, that this was a ſtrain in which ſhe does not often indulge herſelf: She is a good woman, but not quite ſo quick in comprehending the force of my arguments as I could wiſh. In the beginning of our marriage, I took ſome pains to convince her of men's natural and legal ſuperiority. I quoted

St. Paul, and quoted Juvenal. She was ſure St. Paul was not inſpired when he wrote my quotation; and as to Juvenal, he was a ſnarling ill-natured fellow, and ſhe durſt to ſay, monſtrous ugly. At laſt, as I made but an imperfect progreſs, I thought that domeſtic peace was better preſerved by ſilence, and by overlooking ſmall faults; for Virgil has ſaid, the dear ſex were averſe to parting even with a fault, if they have had it any time in poſſeſſion.

" However, if Mrs. Woodcock did not profit by my ſuggeſtions; I ſaw no reaſon why I might not by hers. " I wonder what their learning is good for," came acroſs me pretty often; and the preſs along with it. At laſt I came to a reſolution; and as ſermons are the natural production of a parſon, I ſet myſelf down to correct and new model a dozen of my own; which I ſent to a bookſeller in the ſermon way, in London; at the ſame time letting him know what I expected for the copy right. This was five guineas a ſermon. I received them back by the firſt coach, with

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a civil letter enough; in which he allowed this to be an age of piety; and that ſome ſort of ſermons ſold very well. Mine were not of that ſort. Moral practical religion was not the taſte. Sermons, to ſucceed now, muſt either aſcend to the heaven of heavens with Swedenborg, or muſt pour out, with pious effuſion, and in the moſt vituperative terms the Engliſh tongue will afford, death and damnation to the French. So far from being able to afford the price I aſked, he durſt not even venture to print them on his own account; but if I choſe to run the riſque, I might make the experiment with two or three; and he hoped he ſhould be able to prevent its coſting me above ten or twelve pounds, ſuppoſing the worſt. This offer I accepted; but with injunctions of ſecreſy; for I thought, in caſe the public did not chuſe to read my ſermons, there would be no great gratification of vanity, in owning myſelf the author. I did not even acquaint Mrs. Woodcock; not only becauſe of the difficulty ladies are ſaid to have in keeping a ſecret, but alſo,

as I did not certainly know the turn her mind might take on the occaſion; whether ſhe would attribute my ill ſucceſs to want of piety in the people, or want of talent in myſelf; and as reverence for my abilities, out of the pulpit, did not ſeem to be too abundant with my wife, I did not chuſe to riſque its diminution.

" My ſermons were printed, twenty-ſeven copies ſold; and, at the expiration of a year, my bibliopoliſt ſends me his account, balance in his favour 9l. 11s. 6d. at the ſame time informing me he thought I might ſucceed in the novel line. To me, however, this does not ſeem probable: A novel writer ought to be well acquainted with human life and character; I know little of either: Beſides, as novels are now pretty generally conſidered as the loweſt of all human productions, I know not whether it is for the dignity of my cloth to have any thing to do with them. However, as the preſs opens its mouth to ſwallow all things, from a primmer to an

En-

Encyclopediæ,—from Tom Thumb to Paradiſe Loſt,—I have taken a couple of years to conſider with what offerings I ſhall make my next approaches to it; and it is probable the affair of this night may ſerve to quicken my determination."

"And how," ſays Mr. Hermſprong, "do you think it will ſuit my feelings, to ſee the man I call my friend, reduced to write for bread; whilſt I, the cauſe of it, have ſuperfluity beyond my inclination to uſe—or abuſe?"

The curate looked with a face of wonder.

"That air of ſurpriſe," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "ſeems to check my preſumption; and indeed the liberty I have taken is too great for the preſent ſtate of our acquaintance. I ought firſt to have been more entitled to your eſteem."

"Really," Mr. Woodcock replied, "I own my ſurpriſe, and that I have not yet got

rid of it. This mode of obligation is ſo uncommon in theſe parts."

"I hope," ſaid Hermſprong, "we may be able ſoon to get rid of the word obligation ſo applied; with all its humiliating appendages; for the preſent, let us cloſe the ſubject."

So the reſt of the evening was ſpent with chearfulneſs; the converſation turning principally on the everlaſting ſubjects, metaphyſics and politics; of the firſt of which man can *know* nothing,—and of the laſt, will not. At leaſt it is ſo in England, at the moment I am now writing; the order of the day, as they ſay in France, being determined ignorance.

"You have, no doubt, Sir, read with attention the author you now ſo liberally abuſe?"

"I,

"I, Sir!—I read him!—No, Sir,—nor the Macintoſhes, the Flowers, or the Chriſties;—I never read a line in any of them—nor ever will."

"It is the way, Sir, to be well informed."

CHAP. XV.

Miss Fluart *to* Miss Campinet.

ONCE upon a time, in a fit of gravity, with which ſhe is apt to be troubled at times, a young lady of my acquaintance aſked me if I ever cried in my life? I cannot ſay what I told her then, but I tell her now, Yes, the very hour I was born, and ſeveral times ſince; once very lately, on the peruſal of a letter from my Caroline. I was an orphan,

you

you know, my dear; and my thoughts of this circumſtance, when I firſt began to think, were, that it was a ſituation to be pitied, even in affluence. You are not an orphan *quite*; and yet I own you have a far greater claim to pity than myſelf. You have a diſtreſſing proſpect before you, of your aunt's long illneſs and death; and one much worſe to ſucceed it. I muſt come to help you to bear them both. To your aunt I know I ſhall be welcome; to his lordſhip I muſt endeavour to become ſo; for it is in his houſe principally you will want my wiſe advice and protection,—a houſe abounding in paſtimes not ſeemly for maidens who have been taught their catechiſms and their I believes.

"There,—in this laſt half paragraph, I recognize my own ſtile and manner. I was not born to ſay grave and wiſe things.

"I think it is now a month ſince the return of our fugitive; a true penitent, no doubt; humble, docile, and peculiarly obedient to papa and mamma. I know not what better proof I can give of all this, than that for the

firſt fortnight ſhe was tolerably dumb. Indeed, it was not neceſſary for any one to talk but Mrs. Sumelin, whoſe collection of admonitions, to render young women prudent, is certainly inexhauſtible. Oh, could I but call them to mind juſt at the time of need, there would not be ſuch another diſcreet girl in all theſe parts. To Miſs Harriet I ſhould have ſuppoſed they were mother's milk, only a little ſour ſometimes, if one might judge by a certain odd kind of a toſſing of the head,—by a ſort of flaſhing of her fair eyes,—and by a prudent reſerve, which ſome malevolent people might call ſulkineſs. Mr. Sumelin's mode is very different from his lady's. His way is, to ſpeak his mind once for all, and have done with it.

"Enough," ſays he, yeſterday, "and too much of this eternal theme. If the girl had robbed a church, to have ſuffered this everlaſting torrent of wiſdom, would have been a ſufficient expiation of her crime."

"Nay, I'll ſay that for you," Mrs. Sumelin replies, "provided you can get money, and

and enjoy your bottle, you care not how your family goes on. If any thing had happened to me ten years ſince, I wonder what your daughters would have been?"

"Humph! the wiſdom of women is admirable; we are for ever called upon to animadvert upon their errors, by the blundering provocation of their tongues. Charlotte has been this ſaid ten years from under your wing; Harriet has had the full benefit of your maternal clucking; and this is its fruits."

"This was too much for mortal female endurance. Mrs. Sumelin took fire,—and, oh dear! how ſhe did blaze. But, as my guardian ſays, the wiſdom of women is admirable; Mrs. Sumelin, in the courſe of rapid declamation, ſo far forgot things as to defend her dear Harriet from head to foot, imprudence and all."

"Then," my guardian aſked, as ſoon as he could be heard, "why do you eternally

ſcold her for faults, if ſhe has committed none?"

"You catch one up ſo, Mr. Sumelin; to be ſure I did not mean to ſay quite that; but for your part, you take no pains to inſtruct your children, nor never did. I don't believe you have ever ſaid one word to Harriet about this buſineſs."

"What need? when I have a dear induſtrious wife, who takes the department of lecturing into her own hands, and performs it ſo ably."

"You are enough to provoke a ſtone wall. I have not patience with you."

"I don't expect it, my dear. Only have the goodneſs not to torment yourſelf. You were in the humour juſt now to think Harriet's fault a ſmall one. With all my heart. The law does not call it an offence at all. It gives young women leave to chuſe their own huſbands after twenty-one; or before, provided they do not marry in England. Harriet, you ſee, did nothing illegal. She was going

going out of England, that ſhe might not ſin againſt the law. But the law alſo allows fathers to diſpoſe of their acquired property as they pleaſe. To this inconvenience, Harriet muſt ſubmit. She loves Mr. Filligrove. I do not. To him, therefore, I ſhall give nothing. To her, or rather to truſtees, for her, juſt as much as will ſupply her with the common comforts of life. So ſhe will have bread to her love; and if ſhe can get love to her bread, ſhe may be as well off as moſt of her neighbours. I leave her at liberty, and deſire you, my dear, to do the ſame. I requeſt your ſilence upon what has paſt for ever. Do not lay me under the neceſſity of impoſing it upon you as a penance."

"With this polite hint my guardian retired.

"Mrs. Sumelin bleſſed herſelf ſhe was not born a man; men were ſo poſitive and tyrannical.

rannical. But this is all along of you, Harriet.

" Well," ſays the young lady, " do, for heaven's ſake! mother, let us hear no more of it. It is enough to tire a horſe. Since I have my papa's approbation ——"

" Approbation!" Mrs. Sumelin cries out, " you impertinent creature! approbation!"

" But I will weary you no longer, my Caroline. They went fairly to it, and Miſs Harriet ſupported her part with ſpirit. Ever ſince, ſhe has got up, as they ſay, ſurpriſingly; and can now give her opinion on a new cap, or a man, juſt as uſual. For Mr. Hermſprong ſhe ſeems to have a tolerable averſion. How ſhe got it, I do not know. It may be ſimply his tearing her from dear Mr. Filligrove; but there are other poſſibilities. Two days and two nights they travelled by ſea; two days and two nights by land. Could he be playing the grave preceptor all this time? She, the humble penitent?

tent? His account is monſtrous modeſt and reſpectful—and all that,—but meagre. I wiſh I knew.

Ever your own,
MARIA FLUART.

P. S. "Pray, tell my dear Mrs. Merrick I will be with her in a week; and I will make her well."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

"I Wiſh I knew," ſaid the lovely Miſs Fluart, at the cloſe of her letter; and it is not impoſſible but I may have lovely readers, who would like to know alſo; for it is certain, although Mr. Hermſprong had told the truth, he had not told the whole truth. As I am not a man to refuſe to gratify a laudable curioſity, I will tell my fair readers all I know about it.

Mr.

Mr. Hermſprong had arrived at Oſtend, in his road from Saxony to England. He had no ſooner retired to his apartment for the night, than he heard, in the adjoining chamber, two voices; one ſoft, tremulous, and plaintive; the other rather harſh, and the tone more like one reproving than complaining. When Mr. Hermſprong had laid down in his bed, aſſiſted by the ſilence of the night, and perhaps by darkneſs, he could hear a few ſentences diſtinctly.

"What have you done!" ſays the ſtronger voice. "Why, what have you done, but what every young lady of ſpirit ought to do, choſe a huſband for yourſelf."

"And loſt a father."

"As well loſt as found, if he's as hard-hearted as you think him."

"Dear Miſs Wavel, how you talk? What muſt become of us, if he does not forgive us! Mr. Filligrove, you know, has nothing."

"Nothing but love, and that's worth every thing elſe. But what do you talk of not

not being forgiven for? All the grand young ladies run away now a days; and are always forgiven. Nay, I declare I know two whoſe mothers like them the better for it. And then, Miſs Sumelin, you have not eloped for no ill, but to marry, and live reſpectable in the world. If it had been for any evil, for ſure it never would have been countenanced by me. You know my character too well for that. Every body knows me. I have lived in Falmouth from a little child; thank God, with the beſt reputation; though but ſmall means. I might have been married more than once, but never would, becauſe I could not find a man that turned to God with his whole heart. Something carnal and worldly mixed with their love. My piety is well known; nay, I may ſay, it is edifying. I have ſcarcely miſſed divine ſervice five times in twenty years. And God has granted me my reward; patience and reſignation in this life, and aſſurance of a better."

"I believe you are a good woman, Miſs Wavel; and but for your advice and aſſiſt-

ance,

ance, I never ſhould have ventured upon ſuch a raſh imprudent ſtep as I have now taken. And God knows what will be the conſequence here; for all Mr. Filligrove's money, you know, is gone; and none of us know a ſingle ſoul in this ſtrange place."

"Oh, Mr. Fillygrove will find a way to get over all difficulties. Poor dear young man. To be ſure it was impoſſible to ſee him going into a decline for love. You would have killed him with your cruelty, Miſs Sumelin, and then have died yourſelf of ſorrow for it."

In this ſtrain went the dialogue on, till Mr. Hermſprong was weary of liſtening to it; which, indeed, he never would have done at all, but that the name of Sumelin ſtruck his ears; and when to this was added Falmouth, he could not but ſuppoſe that the young lady was the daughter of the only man with whom he had correſpondence in England; and from whom he could expect any of the kind offices of friendſhip; of the man to whom he

was

was now going, and whoſe houſe he had an invitation to uſe as his own, ſo long as his pleaſure or convenience would allow it.

Mr. Hermſprong alſo knew that his friend's family conſiſted of a wife and two daughters; and he thought that the daughters of a man ſo worthy muſt have ſome merit. From the canting piety of her companion, he concluded the young lady was betrayed; and that for her father's ſake, if not her own, it might be a meritorious deed to ſave her. With theſe notions floating in his brain, he fell aſleep.

In the morning, he ſaw in the garden of the hotel, a young man ſmartly dreſſed, with a face white as his cambric ruffles, leaning his head againſt the wall. This, as Mr. Hermſprong ſuſpected, was the love-favoured Mr. Filligrove, who had made too free with the wine of Oſtend the preceding evening; wanting probably more, or other comfort than the lady had to beſtow.

Mr.

Mr. Hermſprong paſſed him with a good morrow. With more alacrity than his languid air promiſed, he ſprung after him, with his offered hand, after the Engliſh mode.

"I am ſo pleaſed to ſee a countryman," ſays he; "would you believe it,—damme if the ſtupid raſcals here underſtand a word I ſay."

Mr. Hermſprong, in whoſe eſteem Mr. Filligrove did not ſtand high, and his foppiſh dreſs and familiar manner, was not calculated to increaſe it, ſaid, but not with a tone of aſperity, "If it is ſtupidity in theſe people, not to underſtand your language; what is it in you, not to underſtand theirs?"

"Oh, damme, you're peery," returns the other; "but never mind; will you aſſiſt a poor devil in the damn'dſt dilemma poſſible? Come, you look like an honeſt fellow; one that would not hurt the good old cauſe. A lady has done me the honour to run away with me: A 50,000 pounder. But charges have

have run damn'd high; for I hired a whole packet from Dover, becauſe I did not chuſe the lady ſhould be bundled up with all ſorts of ſcrubs: Now I want a parſon; and how to get one, curſe me if I know; and if I had one, the devil a piece of gold have I to give him; reduced down to a few ſhillings."

"You have bank notes, no doubt; gentlemen, on theſe occaſions, ſeldom come ſlenderly provided."

"I had threeſcore guineas in my purſe when I ſet out. Who the devil would have thought I ſhould have been ſtript of that in four or five days?"

"Well, Sir; you ſhall not want caſh for any honourable deſign."

"Thank you, my buck. Damme, I ſaw you was an honeſt fellow. But what ſhall we do for a parſon?"

"They are to be procured here without much difficulty."

"We ſhall want a father too, to give her away. If you would be kind enough to do us that ſervice too?"

"Fathers

"Fathers ſhould know their daughters."

"My girl is ſo damned ſhy. However I will tell her the caſe, and I dare ſay we ſhall cook it."

Off ran Filligrove, to communicate his joyful tidings to the ladies. Miſs Sumelin was crying; poſſibly from a little ſprinkling of repentance; for as the Duke Rochefoucault ſaid, or might have ſaid, for the remark is in his way,—we are never truly ſorry for our faults till we begin to ſuffer for them. Miſs Wavel was adminiſtring comfort, in the awkward way of thoſe who had no comfort to give. Fillygrove began to pour out his joy, at firſt, with too little connexion.

"A good honeſt fellow! I knew it by his face. I never was deceived in a man's face. That's he there, walking in the garden."

"What nonſenſe is all this?" aſked Miſs Harriet. "I declare, Mr. Fillygrove, I think you get ſillier every day."

"Sillier!

"Sillier! Miſs Sumelin?" Now it never had occurred to Mr. Fillygrove that he could have been the ſubject of ſuch an epithet. "Sillier! I wonder a perſon of your wiſdom would think of marrying a ſilly fellow."

"Becauſe," the lady anſwered with great quickneſs, "becauſe I was as ſilly as himſelf."

This indiſcretion produced a very ſerious quarrel; in which he told her, that if ſhe could find the way to England, he was willing enough to go back thither without a wife. She ſaid ſhe would crawl thither on her hands and knees, ſooner than marry a man who had uſed her ſo baſely. Having ſaid all the diſagreeable things, to each other, anger could ſupply, love, under the mediation of Miſs Wavel, took again its turn; they kiſſed and cried; and cried and kiſſed; in ſhort, had ſo violent a love fit, that it was well the guardian of the young lady's honour was preſent in the perſon of Miſs Wavel. At laſt Mr. Fillygrove came to the buſineſs which had brought him;

him; informed Miſs Sumelin of the ſtranger's generoſity; wiſhed ſhe would have the goodneſs to go down into the garden; he was ſure the gentleman would ſpeak to her, and then ſhe might judge for herſelf.

"You will go with me?" ſaid ſhe.

"Certainly, if you deſire it, Miſs; but in my opinion you will do better without me; for when a lady ſolicits——you know what the poet ſays——"

What the poet ſays, I know not; but the lady conſented to go alone; and had almoſt paſſed Mr. Hermſprong upon the terrace walk unnoticed; this gentleman being at the inſtant in deep conſideration on the means he ſhould employ to diſengage her from what he concluded was a thoughtleſs and childiſh buſineſs; a ruſtling awaked him; from her dreſs, and her eyes red with recent weeping, he had no doubt who it was; and bowing with great reſpect, ſaid, "Is it Miſs

Sumelin of Falmouth I have the pleaſure to ſee?"

She, ſuppoſing Fillygrove had communicated her name, though angry at his indiſcretion, anſwered in the affirmative by a courteſy and a bluſh.

"Is there any thing, Miſs Sumelin, in which I can have the happineſs to ſerve you in Oſtend?"

Miſs Sumelin thought this an odd queſtion from a man, who, ſhe ſuppoſed, had juſt been made acquainted with the nature of the ſervice in which he was to be employed.

"Sir!" ſays ſhe, with an air of ſome ſurpriſe.

"If Miſs Sumelin will honour me with her commands, I ſhall be happy to ſhew her how much I am devoted to her ſervice."

"Sir,"

"Sir," ſays ſhe again, "has not a gentleman—a—a young gentleman—in blue—a Mr. Fillygrove——"

"Yes, madam; but I take no commands from Mr. Fillygrove. If you will condeſcend to honour me, Miſs Sumelin."

"But has not Mr. Fillygrove informed you, Sir,—that—that—of the cauſe—Sir—the cauſe of my leaving England."

"He has, indeed, given me very ſupriſing and very diſagreeable information."

"Really, Sir," ſaid the lady, with a ſmall degree of anger, "I cannot ſee why—to you—it ſhould be either ſurpriſing or diſagreeable."

"Is it not ſurpriſing that Miſs Sumelin ſhould have recourſe to a clandeſtine marriage? Miſs Sumelin! a lady who has only to be ſeen and known, to engage all hearts! Certainly any gentleman might be proud of this fair hand."

And he took this fair hand, and reſpectfully imprinted a kiſs upon it; the lady being

ſo aſtoniſhed, or alarmed, or ſomething, that ſhe had not the preſence of mind to withdraw it angrily, as undoubtedly moſt of my fair readers will think ſhe ought.

Before I proceed, let me aſk if the great queſtion, whether it be lawful to do evil, that good may come is finally ſettled? I hope it is decided in the affirmative; otherwiſe I know not what to plead for Mr. Hermſprong in the critical caſe before us. He was certainly ſaying the thing that was not; and love, which excuſeth all things, he had not; he had pity only; compaſſion for a reſpectable father, and a ſilly girl, who was probably running to miſery for life.

"Beſides," ſays a learned critic, whoſe judgment I reſpect, "it is a deviation from character; for the baſis of Mr. Hermſprong's is ſimple truth."

"Yes," I anſwer, "to lords; but to ladies, on certain great occaſions——"

But

But certainly Mr. Hermſprong is entitled to the praiſe of politeneſs. He told the lady ſhe was handſome, in the moſt elegant way poſſible. If a lady is ſo, ſhe ſeldom waits for that intelligence from man. Though not diſagreeable to be told ſo, it is not neceſſary for information. If a lady is not handſome, which happened to be Miſs Sumelin's caſe, a gentleman has it in his power to create a new exiſtence—and ſuch an exiſtence! I know not but it may equal rank itſelf.

"If I were you," ſays my friendly critic, "I would not often indulge myſelf in digreſſions of this ſort; they break action and interrupt dialogue. How awkward it is to ſuffer Mr. Hermſprong to be kiſſing the lady's hand, whilſt you ſcribble two or three pages."

I wonder whether there are any ladies who can be diſpleaſed with a digreſſion ſo much in favour of the lovely ſex? but critics have no complaiſance.

As Miſs Sumelin did not withdraw her hand, it was not in the nature of things that Mr. Hermſprong ſhould give it up; ſo he kept poſſeſſion whilſt they paced the terrace together. There was ſilence for a minute; for the gentleman did not know very well what farther to ſay, nor the lady to reply. At length ſhe ſaid, rather a little abruptly, "Pray, Sir, did you ever ſee me before?"

"No, madam," anſwered Mr. Hermſprong; "but that is my misfortune; I might have ſeen you before you had engaged your heart, had I earlier known its value. Your father is my friend. To your houſe I am now going. My name is Hermſprong, madam."

"Mr. Hermſprong! oh dear! well, I declare this is the moſt extraordinary thing! Yes, Sir, I know you are expected; there is no gentleman in the world my father talks of ſo much."

"I ſhall ſee him with double pleaſure, madam, if I am ſo happy as to be able to do a ſervice to his daughter."

"I

"I believe Mr. Fillygrove is in ſome diſtreſs, Sir,—and—"

"On your account, Miſs Sumelin, Mr. Fillygrove ſhould be welcome to my purſe, if I could forget the uſe he deſigns to make of it."

Miſs Sumelin did not anſwer; ſhe did not even look up.

"Pray," the gentleman aſked, "in what ſituation is Mr. Fillygrove?"

"Sir," ſays the lady, bluſhing, "he is only my father's clerk; but I aſſure you, Sir, he is very accompliſhed."

"I am unhappily ſo ignorant as not to know the exact meaning of this pretty word, accompliſhment."

"Oh, but you do Sir; for you muſt be very accompliſhed yourſelf."

"Muſt I, madam? It is a moſt charming neceſſity. Pray, is it made up of honour and honeſty, of learning, of knowledge, of virtue, of integrity?"

"It's made up of every thing that is elegant and genteel."

"Then I fear I have not hit upon the proper ingredients."

Mr. Fillygrove, at this inſtant, came dancing forward in the familiar ſtyle; a damme, my buck, was ready to burſt from his lips, when an "Oh dear, Mr. Fillygrove, do you know that this gentleman is Mr. Hermſprong," ſunk him into littleneſs; an effect, poſſibly, of the eſtimation he knew that gentleman was held in by Mr. Sumelin; or, more probably, of a certain quantity of thouſands which Mr. Fillygrove himſelf had given him credit for in his maſter's books.

Mr. Fillygrove, as ſoon as he could ſpeak, ſaid, he hoped Mr. Hermſprong would pardon the familiarity he had treated him with this morning, and do them the honour to take a breakfaſt, which was then ready.

Mr.

Mr. Hermſprong accepted the latter propoſal, and had the goodneſs, as he led her along, to ſay many obliging things to Miſs Sumelin, which, it is probable, ſhe was full as much pleaſed with as Mr. Fillygrove, who ſeemed changed all at once, from the pert coxcomb to the ſullen boy.

Miſs Wavel was preparing the tea; Mr. Hermſprong was announced; but as this lady had not before heard him ſpoken of, ſhe thought nothing more of him than that he was the good-natured gentleman Mr. Fillygrove had juſt become acquainted with; and ſhe was ſurpriſed to find this young man mute, Miſs Sumelin, reſerved, the ſtranger penſive, and inattentive to the little attentions which, as diſpenſer of the breakfaſt, ſhe had an opportunity to ſhew him.

Breakfaſt over, Mr. Hermſprong addreſſed Miſs Sumelin, requeſting ſhe would favour him with her company in his parlour, or in the garden.

"But, pray, Sir," ſaid Miſs Wavel, "have you any thing particular to ſay to Miſs Sumelin?"

"I have, madam," anſwered Hermſprong.

"But, Sir, I muſt beg leave to inform you, Sir, that Miſs Sumelin, Sir, has put herſelf more peculiarly under my care, Sir, ſo that it is not proper any thing ſhould be ſaid to her, that is not ſaid before me."

"Do you confirm this, Miſs Sumelin?" aſked Hermſprong.

Miſs Sumelin ſaid, with ſome degree of confuſion, "She could not deny that ſhe had relied very much upon Miſs Wavel."

"Very well; the garden is a private one; we ſhall all be leſs liable to interruption there than here," ſaid Hermſprong, leading Miſs Sumelin; the other two condeſcending to follow; but in no very placid diſpoſitions.

"I think you are very ill-treated, Mr. Fillygrove," whiſpered Miſs Wavel.

"Yes, damme, ſo do I."

"You

"You are a gentleman, as well as he: Speak your mind; and aſk him, before he begins to give his impertinent advice, whether he means to oblige you, as he promiſed, or not."

"So I will," ſaid Fillygrove. "So I will," advancing. "Pray, Mr. Hermſprong,—I beg to know—I deſire to be informed—whether you are diſpoſed to oblige us, as you promiſed this morning?"

"Certainly," Mr. Hermſprong replied, "I am diſpoſed to oblige Miſs Sumelin; but not convinced that the mode of aſſiſtance you require, would be an obligation."

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

"I mean, Sir," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "that Miſs Sumelin may one day think ſhe has been too precipitate in a matter of infinite conſequence; and I would ſave her all poſſible regret."

"This was treating Miſs Sumelin very like a child indeed," Miſs Wavel ſaid.

"How it may appear in your eyes, madam," Mr. Hermſprong replied, "is of little

conſequence to me. In mine, Miſs Sumelin ſeems to have been driven to error by the influence of paſſion, or by ſome other influence, perhaps ſtill more malignant," looking Miſs Wavel ſteadfaſtly in the face. "Miſs Sumelin," he continued, "is very young, and probably has not conſidered the conſequences of a clandeſtine marriage,—of offending her father,—of diſgracing perhaps her family."

"Sir!" ſays Fillygrove, aſſuming a big look.

"I venture to make the ſuppoſition, Mr. Fillygrove," Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, "becauſe if you had juſt pretenſions to the honour of Miſs Sumelin's hand, you would have taken more honourable methods to have obtained it."

"Honourable, Sir," ſaid Fillygrove.

"Honourable, Mr. Fillygrove," replied Mr. Hermſprong.

"This is damn'd odd uſage," ſaid the other. "Honourable!"

"Miſs

"Miſs Sumelin, will you permit me to enquire if your father's conſent has been aſked?"

"No," replied Miſs Wavel; "we knew it would not have been granted."

"Pray, why?" aſked Mr. Hermſprong.

"Why! why, becauſe it would not. I don't underſtand why gentlemen ſhould aſk queſtions which don't concern 'em."

"I preſume," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "I have the honour of ſpeaking to ſome near relation of yours, Miſs Sumelin?"

"What ſignifies it, whether I am a relation or not?"

"Miſs Sumelin, is it your pleaſure that my reſpectful queſtions to you ſhould be anſwered by this lady?"

"Yes," replied Miſs Wavel; "for ſhe is under my care."

"To be very ſincere with you, madam," Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, "your care appears to deſerve the animadverſion of a court of juſtice; and take care it has it not."

"Me!

"Me! me!" ſays the enraged Miſs Wavel, "I defy you; it is well known that I am a perſon of character and piety; and, Mr. Fillygrove, if you had the ſpirit of a man, you would not ſee me inſulted in this cruel manner, and all for you."

"Sir, I think this very improper treatment," ſaid Fillygrove, "and I demand ſatisfaction."

"Of what ſort?" aſked Mr. Hermſprong, coolly.

"Of a gentleman, Sir! I don't travel without piſtols."

"I think, Mr. Fillygrove," ſaid Hermſprong, with a ſmile, "we had better leave this ſpecies of folly to gentlemen born; if it gets among gentlemen by aſſumption, where will it ſtop?"

"That," ſays Miſs Wavel, "is as much as to ſay you are no gentleman; though its well known your father has above a hundred a-year in land."

"Yes,

"Yes, Sir; do you ſay I'm no gentleman?" aſked Fillygrove.

"I allow your title, Sir, as far as your father's hundred a-year can give it you. It does not ſeem to be due to you by your manners, or your morals, if this enterprize is to be taken as a ſpecimen."

"Damme if you don't ſay every thing you can to provoke me; and curſe me if I'll bear it." ſaid Fillygrove, advancing with an air of menace."

"Impertinence, before ladies," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "does not merit a gentleman's chaſtiſement. Take that, Sir, which is due to you," giving the young man a hearty ſhake, and carrying him off with violence to ſome diſtance; "there," he ſaid, "Mr. Fillygrove, I am ſorry you oblige me to uſe you with contempt. Forbear, before ladies, the airs and language of a duelliſt; if, when we ſeparate, you incline to that mode of ſatisfaction, I am quite ready to indulge you."

Mr.

Mr. Fillygrove was rather inclined to be ſick. Miſs Sumelin had given a little ſhriek, and looked, and was indeed affrighted. Miſs Wavel had infinitely more rage than terror.

"If I were a man," ſaid ſhe, "I would die before I would be treated in this manner."

"Good God!" ſaid Mr. Fillygrove, "what would you have? Don't you ſee my dear Miſs Sumelin is dying with fear; but don't be apprehenſive, my dear creature; I would not diſtreſs you for the world; I will not call Mr. Hermſprong out; I won't, indeed, my dear."

"Miſs Sumelin," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong, "I am weary of theſe follies. With this gentleman and this lady I can have no concern: They do not entitle themſelves to my eſteem. If you will permit me to be your friend, I ſhall think it an honour. At leaſt, give me the opportunity of half an hour's converſation with yourſelf. If after that you chuſe to perſiſt in your under-

undertaking, with all good wiſhes for your future felicity, I muſt ſubmit."

"Sir," ſaid Miſs Harriet, "I will attend you."

Whilſt Hermſprong was leading her back to the hotel, Miſs Wavel began her abuſe of Fillygrove; which ſhe extended ſo far, that the young man's patience gave way; he retorted her abuſe, and ſwore that he would go back to England without troubling himſelf any more about her.

"You—you fool," ſays ſhe, "you have not ſenſe to find your way back,—you know you have not. Have not I been obliged to direct every thing? and where will you have money to pay your paſſage?"

"I'll ſell my watch," replied Fillygrove; "its a gold one of my grandmother's," and he put his hand to his fob. "Zounds," ſays he, "it's gone. Where the devil can it be? I am certain I had it when I firſt met Hermſprong. Oh dear! ſure I could not have

have loſt it upon Miſs Sumelin's bed, when, when, you know, Miſs Wavel, we ſtayed a little after her."

Miſs Wavel was frighted at this intelligence: "But come," ſays ſhe, "we muſt ſeek for it. It's a very fooliſh thing, Mr. Fillygrove, for you and I to quarrel, ſo tenderly as we have been connected. And ſure, if I did not love you, as dear Solomon ſays, beyond the love of women, I could never conſent to give you up, for your own good, to a rival."

Mr. Fillygrove confeſſed her goodneſs, and they returned to ſeek the watch.

In the interim a German girl, a lower maid ſervant came into the room where Mr. Hermſprong was reaſoning the matter with Miſs Sumelin, with this very watch in her hand; and aſked the lady, in her own language, if it was hers?

"Lord

"Lord bleſs me," ſays Miſs Sumelin, "what does the girl ſay?"

"She enquirers if that watch is yours," Mr. Hermſprong replied.

"No," Miſs Sumelin ſaid, "it was not; but (looking at it) it is Mr. Fillygrove's; I know it by the chain. Pray, aſk where ſhe found it?"

Upon madam's bed, was the anſwer.

"Upon your bed, Miſs Sumelin," ſaid Mr. Hermſprong.

"Oh dear," the young lady exclaimed, "what a vile ſtory! what do you deſerve, you lying huſſey!"

The girl could not anſwer, for ſhe did not underſtand; ſhe perceived the young lady angry, but had no notion of the cauſe.

"Mr. Hermſprong," ſaid the lady, "I hope you give no credit to this audacious creature."

"I

" I will believe preciſely what you would have me, Miſs Sumelin," Mr. Hermſprong anſwered. And yet, notwithſtanding his complaiſant powers of belief, he did, at this inſtant ſuſpect an intimacy which Miſs Sumelin had not formed.

At this moment Fillygrove and Miſs Wavel paſſed by the window, having ſought the watch in vain. Miſs Sumelin ran to call them in.

" Here," ſays ſhe, " here is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove; and the girl ſays ſhe found it upon my bed."

" That's impoſſible, Miſs," ſaid Fillygrove; " impoſſible;" and he began to abuſe the poor girl in rough Engliſh, ſnatching the watch out of her hand.

" Is this the way," Mr. Hermſprong aſked, " in which you reward the girl for her honeſty?"

" Damn

"Damn her honeſty! what does ſhe lie for? But, perhaps, you have bribed her to it," ſays poor Fillygrove.

"You will have the goodneſs to correct that expreſſion," ſays Mr. Hermſprong, coolly, "otherwiſe, (ſeizing him by the collar) I ſhall take the liberty to cane you, Mr. Fillygrove, till you feel your error pretty ſenſibly."

"Well, I will, I will," ſaid Fillygrove; "what the devil would you have?"

"Very well, Sir. Now to the watch. Miſs Sumelin, is it your pleaſure to proceed in the enquiry, or permit it ſilently to drop?"

"Sir, I inſiſt on enquiring. I can't bear ſuch an odious ſuppoſition."

"This is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove?" aſked Hermſprong.

"Yes, it is."

"Where did you loſe it?"

"Zounds! that's what I want to know."

"This girl ſays ſhe found it on Miſs Sumelin's bed. Perhaps ſhe miſtakes one room

room for another. Will you, ladies, permit her to ſhew you."

"Yes, Sir," ſaid Miſs Sumelin, "and you ſhall go with us; for I will have my innocence cleared."

Mr. Hermſprong giving the maid directions, they all followed up ſtairs; and the girl, laying her hand on the bed in which the two Engliſh ladies had ſlept, "I found it," ſays ſhe, "juſt here." Mr. Hermſprong interpreted.

"Oh dear," ſays Miſs Wavel, "now I remember, I dare ſay its all very true. You know, Mr. Fillygrove, that you came here this morning, to tell us of your meeting with this gentleman, and how he promiſed to be your friend. As to his friendſhip, one ſees well enough what that is. And you know you aſked Miſs Sumelin to walk down into the garden; and when ſhe was gone, you may remember how you threw yourſelf down upon the bed, and kiſſed the pillow on which ſhe

ſhe had lain; and how dearly you loved every thing that ſhe had touched. To be ſure then your watch fell out of your pocket."

"Yes, I remember all the whole circumſtance now exactly," ſaid Fillygrove.

"Very well," ſaid Hermſprong; "you are ſatisfied, Miſs Sumelin?"

"Are you ſatisfied, Mr. Hermſprong?" ſhe aſked.

"Perfectly," anſwered the gentleman. "To have been an eye-witneſs would ſcarce have convinced me more." Then giving the maid half a guinea, he diſmiſſed her; and, addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Wavel, he ſaid, "You ſeem, madam, to have doubted the ſincerity of my friendſhip for Mr. Fillygrove; you will doubt it no longer, when I adviſe him—to marry *you*. Miſs Sumelin, ſhall I attend you to renew our converſation?"

This young lady followed without a word; aſtoniſhed herſelf, and leaving Fillygrove and Miſs Wavel in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, which

which ſeemed to have deprived them even of the power of abuſe.

The creeping, fawning explanation of Miſs Wavel, with the awkward acquieſcence of Fillygrove, had turned what was ſuſpicion of Miſs Sumelin, in the mind of Mr. Hermſprong, into a certainty of his miſtake; and, by the conſideration of all the circumſtances, he was convinced Miſs Sumelin was a victim of treachery. Nor was it difficult to convince Miſs Sumelin alſo, who now recollected a multitude of little matters, which were, in her preſent diſpoſition of mind, proofs; although till this inſtant, not any of them had ſcarce created a ſuſpicion; ſuch unmerciful work do the paſſions of man and woman kind, make with their judgments.

But the queſtion of returning back to Falmouth, always brought Miſs Sumelin into a fit of ſomething anciently called in England, the pouts. A lady falls into this fit uſually, when reaſon, propriety, decorum, are againſt a thing which ſhe has a great inclination to

do; when ſhe is unable to ſay any thing in its favour, yet cannot get it out of her head, or heart, as the caſe may be. At length, much urged, this ſentiment fell from her lovely lips, "That it was well known ſhe left Falmouth to—to—to change her condition; and not to do it,—what ſhould ſhe be but an object of ridicule to every body."

Mr. Hermſprong began to grow weary, and conſequently grave. A deviation from rectitude, he ſaid, ſeldom produced any thing but a choice of evils; and he aſked which would be the greateſt, to marry Mr. Fillygrove, after what had paſſed, or not to do it?

She did not know, ſhe ſaid; then caſting her eyes upon the ground, with an air ſo modeſt and timid, ſhe added, to be ſure, after what had paſſed, there might be perſons ſhe ſhould prefer.

What Miſs Sumelin meant, I do not know. It is a little enigma, and I leave the ſolution

to ladies. Mr. Hermſprong was trying to ſolve it, perhaps, for he was ſilent, when Miſs Sumelin, raiſing her timid eye, and finding in Mr. Hermſprong's unanimated face, nothing that pleaſed her, ſhe reſumed her pouts, and remained ſilent to all the gentleman was pleaſed to ſay.

Quite wearied out, Mr. Hermſprong aſked her if a walk, to ſee the town, would be agreeable.

" She could not be ſuppoſed to be much amuſed," ſhe ſaid, " in her ſituation."

" I ſee," Mr. Hermſprong ſaid, " my ſervices are diſagreeable to you; ſo I beg leave to wiſh you happineſs and a good morning."

Miſs Sumelin had now ſome hours to herſelf. Angry at Mr. Hermſprong, ſhe felt herſelf kindly diſpoſed to the other delinquents; one at leaſt; for what ſignifies what he did before he was married; ſhe durſt ſay he

he would have been true and conſtant to her afterwards. Beſides, ſhe ſhould never have known it, but for that impertinent Hermſprong.

But the culprit was not to be found, to reap the benefit of her forgiveneſs. Inſtead of him, ſhe found Miſs Wavel in the room they had ſlept in, all in tears. On the approach of Miſs Sumelin, the tears fell in ſhowers; and ſhe had, beſides, all the ſymptoms of going into hyſterics. When ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe told her tale: She did not deny her love for Mr. Fillygrove, nor its conſequences; but ſhe made it out ſo clear, that Miſs Sumelin had the greateſt of obligations to her, that of giving up a beloved youth, becauſe he loved, and was beloved by another perſon, that Miſs Sumelin became almoſt perſuaded ſhe had acted upon the pureſt principles of friendſhip. A reconciliation took place; but where was Fillygrove? alas! an hour before Miſs Wavel and he had reſumed their quarrel; he had left her, threat-

ening not to return. Poor dear young man! ſhe feared his raſhneſs; for he ſaid ſomething about the ſea.

The dear young man, in the mean time, had met with Mr. Hermſprong upon the pier; and much to the ſurpriſe of the latter, accoſted him with a diffident and humble air, begging permiſſion to ſay a few words. He then informed Mr. Hermſprong, that he had been at two ſhops, in order to ſell his watch; and not being able to make himſelf underſtood, had come hither to pick up an honeſt Engliſh ſailor to be his interpreter, but had not been able to find one.

"Is it to compleat your intended enterprize with Miſs Sumelin, that you deſire to raiſe money by the watch?" Mr. Hermſprong aſked.

"Oh, no, Sir; I have done with that; I want only to get back to England; and to pay Miſs Wavel's paſſage; for I dare ſay you

you will have the goodneſs to take care of Miſs Sumelin."

"Well, Sir, here comes the captain of the Engliſh packet, with whom I have agreed for Miſs Sumelin's paſſage and my own. I will alſo agree with him for Miſs Wavel's and your's; and I will pay him, as alſo your expences in Oſtend. When we arrive at Dover, I will make you a preſent of ten guineas, to enable you to convey Miſs Wavel back to Falmouth, if ſhe chooſes; but this upon condition, that you drop all clandeſtine intercourſe with Miſs Sumelin; nor attempt to ſpeak to her before her arrival at Falmouth. I have no doubt but a prudent behaviour may ſtill procure you Miſs Sumelin, with the conſent of her father; and when I ſee your frivolous vanity changed into the pride of good ſenſe and rectitude, I will aſk her for you."

Mr. Fillygrove promiſed every thing, and was directed to another inn, there to procure an apartment for Miſs Wavel, and wait

till he could be informed in what ſhip they were to go.

In the mean time the ladies were bewailing their mutual misfortunes, till they found themſelves hungry. The hour of dinner was paſt. No one took notice of them. At length a billet arrived from Fillygrove to Miſs Wavel.

" I wait for you to dine at the Pelican. Pray accompany the meſſenger. I have a great deal to ſay. Reſpectful love and duty to Miſs Sumelin, but I muſt not ſee her."

At the ſame time a meſſage came from Mr. Hermſprong to Miſs Sumelin, requeſting her company to dinner. No mention of Miſs Wavel. Theſe were extraordinary circumſtances; but had there been no other reaſon with the ladies for compliance, curioſity would have been ſufficient; and Miſs Sumelin had hers compleatly gratified after dinner, by Mr. Hermſprong, who informed her,

her, with his true frankneſs of character, what he had done with reſpect to Fillygrove, and what he intended reſpecting herſelf. "And I leave it to your choice, madam," ſays he, "to permit me the honour of being your eſcort, or Miſs Wavel. In the latter caſe, I ſhall not have the pleaſure to ſee you again till your arrival at Falmouth; but I will take care your neceſſary expences ſhall be ſupplied."

Miſs Sumelin pouted, as uſual; and Mr. Hermſprong found her a companion ſo little agreeable to his taſte, that he began to think it would be more for his eaſe to endure Miſs Wavel. A ſimilar revolution of ſentiment had happened to Miſs Sumelin: So, when Mr. Hermſprong told her that he ſhould have the pleaſure of giving up his opinion to hers, ſhe anſwered, ſhe had reſolved to conform to his. A conteſt enſued; but as the lady had ſtumbled on the flattering ſuppoſition, that in a *tête-à-tête* of two days and nights, ſhe might diſplay all her charms; and Mr. Hermſprong

having no ſentiment which operated the contrary way with equal force, he gave it up, and quickly reſigned himſelf to the diſpenſations of Providence.

To reward him, the lady drew forth her whole ſtock of airs and graces. She ſighed; ſhe languiſhed; ſhe had even moments of unutterable ſoftneſs. "She is the daughter of my friend," he was obliged to ſay very often, and he did it with ſhortened breath; "ſhall I reſcue her from diſgrace, to plunge her into diſhonour?" Conqueror, at length he delivered her ſafe into her father's protection, and made her his enemy for life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

MRS. MERRICK's death, an event which happened ſooner than was expected, was ſcarcely more afflictive to Miſs Campinet than inconvenient to Lord Grondale. It brought him into a terrible dilemma reſpecting Mrs. Stone, the perſon of merit I mentioned in my fifth chapter.

I know not what other conſideration, except her merit and misfortunes, could have

induced his lordſhip to have placed her at the head of his table, as well as of his houſehold; but this poſt of honour ſhe had now enjoyed for ſeveral years. If Miſs Campinet reſided at the Hall, all the laws of decorum required that Mrs. Stone ſhould reſign; but it is not, I believe, much to the taſte of the female ſex, to give up precedence. Lord Grondale explained the dilemma to Mrs. Stone, by way of aſking her advice; not without hopes, that, ſtruck by the neceſſity of the caſe, ſhe would, of her own accord, make the offer of reſignation. Inſtead of this, ſhe offered to his lordſhip's conſideration a plan of a very different kind; an expedient, ſhe ſaid, which would reconcile all things; which his lordſhip had given her many reaſons to believe he would one day have recourſe to; and for which, to ſpeak her opinion, no time was ſo proper as the preſent.

Lord Grondale, not taking time for conſideration, replied to this with more hauteur than

than gallantry. The lady was offended, and ſaid, ſince his lordſhip did not like the expedient ſhe had propoſed, he knew the alternative.

Now this alternative was almoſt as little to his lordſhip's taſte, as Mrs. Stone's principal expedient: It required the payment of a very reſpectable ſum of money, not leſs than 5000l. which his lordſhip, from motives of pureſt benevolence, and charmed by her condeſcenſion, articled to pay, whenever choice or accident altered their reſpective ſituations relative to each other.

Lord Grondale's politeneſs and gallantry, returned upon him all at once.

"No, Mrs. Stone," he ſaid, and he took her hand; "no, I find it abſolutely impoſſible to part with you. Things muſt remain as they are."

So, ſince Mrs. Stone would not, Miſs Campinet *muſt* ſubmit; and Lord Grondale had the goodneſs to prepare her for the neceſſity, by the uſual argument of great people—*ſic volo.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

PEOPLE, young or old, excluded from ſociety, are apt to contract oddities, particularly as was the caſe of Miſs Campinet, the oddity of reflection. I do not mean, that ladies who live in the world do not think; they do very much; but their ſtudy is chiefly ornamental architecture; with what variety of graceful draperies to adorn the loveliest fabric of nature; with what ſtucco to increaſe its external brilliance. Miſs Campinet having

ing leſs occaſion for this firſt philoſophy of ladies, her ſtudies were confined to inferior objects; to the operations of the human mind; the right or wrong of human actions.

It did not appear to Miſs Campinet that there was much of wiſdom or virtue in Lord Grondale's general conduct regarding Mrs. Stone; but ſhe had determined that it ill became a daughter to judge a father; and that filial obedience was almoſt the firſt of virtues.

Upon the ſtrength of this ſingular concluſion, ſhe ſat down quietly to table with the perſon of merit, without aſſuming the privilege of young ladies, to pout, or purſe up her pretty lips, or indulge herſelf in any of thoſe tokens of contempt and diſſatisfaction which nature or cuſtom has provided for ſuch caſes.

But

But this was all. Her duty required ſhe ſhould treat Mrs. Stone with the exterior marks of civility; but not that ſhe ſhould aſſociate with her; for beſides this lady's ſuſpicious ſituation, with reſpect to Lord Grondale, ſhe was not poliſhed; was little ſtudious of intellectual entertainment, though by no means deficient in underſtanding; and rather an adept in the cunning which ſelf-intereſt will uſually dictate—even to miniſters of ſtate, when they quit—and when do they not quit?—the ſtrait paths of rectitude, for thoſe of crooked policy. Miſs Campinet, therefore, roſe from table with her father, and retired to her ſitting apartment; there to read a little, to work a little, to weep a little, to think a little upon Lippen Crag, her providential delivery, and her proud deliverer.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

IN the night of the ——, a ſtorm, ſuch as had not been remembered, ruſhed down Grondale vale, from north to ſouth. It was accompanied by exceſſive rain, thunder, and lightning. The latter had damaged the ſpire of the ſteeple, and had ſet fire to a cottage, which was burned to the ground. The other cottages were moſtly unroofed, and the ſtraw carried to incredible diſtances.

The

The Reverend Doctor Blick, having been disturbed in the night, lay an hour longer than usual. When he had breakfasted, he thought it his duty to go about the village, and give spiritual aid, if any person wanted it. At the first cottage, he found Miss Campinet; who said, "I did not doubt but I should meet you, Sir, on the unhappy business of this morning. You find great devastation. The storm was terrible."

"Not being myself well," the Doctor answered, "I am only just come into the village."

"Here is a gentleman has been amongst the cottagers, ever since the dawn of day. All the labourers are at work to repair their respective damages. He promises their usual pay to all, and a gratuity over to those he finds most industrious. In the mean time, the butcher is stripped of his meat, and the baker of his bread, for the use of the women and children. His name is Hermsprong. Perhaps you know him."

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Yes, I do know ſomething of him. I wiſh I could ſay, ſomething good. But, Madam, he is a proud haughty young man, who thinks too well of himſelf to pay a proper reſpect to his betters. Over and above this, Madam, he is an infidel; and you know, without faith, our beſt works are ſplendid ſins."

"So this profuſion of benevolence is with you, Doctor, only a ſplendid ſin?"

"Nothing more, Miſs Campinet. A pure ſtream cannot flow from a corrupt fountain."

"You prefer faith, then, to charity."

"Certainly, Miſs Campinet,——to every thing: So, I hope, do you?"

"I hope I believe as I ought; but I own, Doctor, I feel a biaſs in favour of ſuch ſplendid ſins."

The converſation was ſtopped by the haſty approach of Mr. Hermſprong, who, with a reſpectful bow, ſaid, "I hope I ſee Miſs Campinet well?"

She

She anſwered with a courteſy.

" Never," he continued, " could I ſee her more lovely than when warm with the healthful glow of humanity."

" This is poetry, Sir," ſaid the lady; " I muſt take care how I take it for praiſe; and Doctor Blick has been informing me, that benevolent propenſities, without faith, are only ſplendid ſins."

" Surely," Mr. Hermſprong replied, " under any ſyſtem, kindneſs to our ſuffering fellow creatures cannot be ſin. But faith is the Doctor's vocation. It is his to ſpeak comfort to the ſoul; and at yonder cottage, (pointing to a diſtant one) is a proper object of his care; a poor woman in agonies for her little one, who periſhed, I know not how, in the confuſion of the night. To me belongs the inferior care of adminiſtering to the wants of the body."

" In this," ſaid Miſs Campinet, " I hope I may be permitted to ſhare."

" Lovely

"Lovely Miſs Campinet! your propenſities are all amiable. The poor bleſs you. May they always bleſs you. But that I would not ſubject you to ſcenes of diſtreſs, there is an object——" ſaid Mr. Hermſprong.

"Dear Mr. Hermſprong! don't think of my diſtreſs;" and Miſs Campinet coloured roſy red as ſhe ſpoke. Whether it was a glow of the heart, ariſing from the thought of being able to do good, or a ſimple bluſh at the "dear Mr. Hermſprong," I cannot exactly ſay. It was a lapſe, no doubt; occaſioned, perhaps, by a ſudden warmth of ſentiment. Mr. Hermſprong, however, did not appear to notice it in the leaſt; but ſaid, "The object I ſpeak of, is a young woman, the ſchool miſtreſs of the village, thrown by this night's horror into premature labour."

"I know her," ſaid Miſs Campinet; "ſhe is very reſpectable; but wants, I fear, aid ſuperior to mine."

"A gentleman of the faculty is ſent for," Mr. Hermſprong anſwered; "but I fear the raſhneſs of thoſe about her: It is better to keep

keep her a little longer in pain, than expoſe her to danger."

"I underſtand you, Sir," ſaid the lady, "and will endeavour to be of uſe."

"Permit me to conduct you, madam. Doctor, good-morrow."

The Doctor returned a nod, and a look which had not in it much of courteſy; for he felt himſelf offended by the careleſs air of ſuperiority aſſumed by Hermſprong. Nor could he but remember the Golden Ball, and the dignified manner of his bidding adieu there. Altogether, there was ſomething in this young man which rendered it quite as eligible to the Doctor, to avoid as to ſeek a rencontre with him. He ſcorned, however, to be directed by the puppy, even to a work of ſalvation; ſo, inſtead of ſeeking the cottage of deſpair, he turned another way, aſked a few queſtions, received mortifying anſwers, for they were in praiſe of Hermſprong, and then took his way to the Hall.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

LET us now attend Miſs Campinet to the houſe of parturition. It was a long walk. I am not certain whether Mr. Hermſprong did not put the poor woman to more pain than nature did, for the ſake of it; for when they arrived the danger was over. But, upon the road, the lady's ſervant keeping a reſpectful diſtance, they had ſome little converſation. The lady began it with ſaying, ſhe was ſorry ſhe could not acknowledge her obligation

ligation to him a better way than by words, and that ſhe muſt be obliged to chance or misfortune, even for that opportunity.

"For the latter, Miſs Campinet, it is I who ought to feel the ſorrow," Mr. Hermſprong anſwered; "and indeed fortune, or whatever god or goddeſs has the diſpoſal of this part of my fate, does not treat me well. When I conſider who it was I had the happineſs to ſave,—when I ſee her all beauty and grace,—when I hear her all intelligence, and hear of her all angel; I riſe in my own eſtimation—I find myſelf higher than the Cæſars, and the other ſlaughterers,—nay, ſo high, that I almoſt think myſelf intitled to the reward I aſked."

"To that ſlender reward, if you chuſe to call it ſo, a much ſmaller degree of merit would have entitled you; but I am ſorry you have learned to flatter."

"To flatter! nay, at moſt it is only truth a little heightened. In praiſe of beauty one be-

becomes poetical. Are young ladies pleaſed to be praiſed with cold and exact preciſion?"

"It would be better perhaps they were."

"Poſſibly ſo; but ſince that is not their taſte, what can poor young men do?"

"I am ſorry our ſex ſhould lay yours under the neceſſity of eſtimating female merit by a falſe ſcale."

"Nay, Miſs Campinet; men, unleſs they are in love, appreciate the merits of ladies very well. The error lies in cuſtom, which ſeems to ſanctify a little extravagance of expreſſion in the cauſe of the fair."

"I could have wiſhed your extravagance in that particular, Mr. Hermſprong, had been leſs."

"I am ſcarce ſenſible of any, Miſs Campinet."

"I am."

"It is not proper Miſs Campinet ſhould think of herſelf as I do of her."

"Is not that, Sir, a confeſſion that you do not think juſtly?"

"I

"I muſt take the liberty to tell Miſs Campinet, ſhe has no right to diſpute my taſte."

"One may, at leaſt, call in queſtion the exiſtence of the qualities you aſcribe to the object of it."

"No, madam, they exiſt to me; and whilſt they do ſo, can you wonder that I ſhould wiſh to increaſe my happineſs by your ſociety, and hope for your eſteem?"

"My eſteem, Sir, you muſt always command; and I ſhould injure myſelf to reject your ſociety, did it depend upon myſelf. But Lord Grondale——"

"Thinks me deficient in reſpect to him?"

"I believe ſo, Sir."

"He thinks truly. Whether the frankneſs I have learned in my youth, be, in highly poliſhed countries, a virtue or vice, I know not. Miſs Campinet will pardon me, if the plain and ſimple truth to which I have been habituated, comes from me too ſoon and too unguarded."

"Every thing may be pardoned in favour of truth."

"Lord Grondale diſlikes my manners, and I his. Humility to a proud man, is a price I cannot pay,—even for life."

The ſentiment, and the mode of utterance, made Miſs Campinet turn to look at her companion. She had before thought him poſſeſſed of the fineſt face ſhe ever beheld; it ſeemed improved now by the animation which lightened from his eyes. But young ladies are not permitted to look long or intently upon young men; ſo reſuming her poſition, ſhe ſaid, "Do you know any country in the world, Mr. Hermſprong, where this price is not paid?"

"Amongſt the Aborigines of America, Miſs Campinet. Then, (added Mr. Hermſprong, with a ſmile,) I was born a ſavage."

Miſs Campinet felt the ſtrangeſt ſort of feel; ſhe never could tell what it was like.

"You

"You aſtoniſh me, Sir," ſaid ſhe; "but there is myſtery; you are not of ſavage parents?"

"No; of unfortunate Europeans; I might have been born in France."

"England, I preſume, has had the greateſt ſhare in your education?"

"No, Miſs Campinet; till a few weeks ſince, I never ſaw England; the language, equally with French, and that of an Indian tribe, I have ſpoken from infancy."

"But—your manners!"

"Cannot, I fear, be to the taſte of Engliſh ladies. I have indeed been learning to dance and make a bow in France. It is ſix years ſince I have been endeavouring to acquire European arts. Of my progreſs I cannot boaſt. I cannot learn to offer incenſe at the ſhrines of wealth and power; nor any ſhrines but of probity and virtue. I cannot learn to ſurrender my opinion from complaiſance, or from any principle of adulation. Nor can I learn to ſuppreſs the ſentiments of a free-born mind, from any fear, religious or political.

Such uncourtly obduracy has my ſavage education produced."

"I muſt own, Mr. Hermſprong, you intereſt me. You make me deſirous of deſerving your eſteem and friendſhip. But, ſituated as I am——You know, Sir, I do not command in my father's houſe."

"Perhaps it is the only place where you do not, or might not, if you pleaſe."

"Did you," Miſs Campinet aſked with a ſmile; "did you learn this of the Aborigines of America? It taſtes of France."

"One learns ſomething every where."

"Is not flattery a diminution of that integrity of which you juſt now gave ſo pleaſing a ſpecimen?"

"I am told it is of the firſt neceſſity to ladies; ſo to pleaſe them, one goes out of one's way ſometimes."

"If ſo, let them have it; but let it not be adminiſtered by the Hermſprongs of the age."

"I

"I desire to please; especially the Miss Campinets, who are not too abundant. But how to please, I fear I have still to learn."

"I entreat you, go not to the school of flattery for it."

"So entreated, I will not, even for Miss Campinet."

They had now arrived at the door of the cottage, and finding the accoucheur come, and every thing in a fair way, nothing was left for Miss Campinet to do. Supposing Lord Grondale might expect her at breakfast, she took the road to the Hall, from whence this house was not far distant. But her conversation began to grow irregular; she seemed embarrassed. In reality she was afraid of her father's displeasure, if seen with Mr. Hermsprong; yet how could she hint her fears, or how be unpolite to a gentleman, she had more and more reason to esteem. Luckily he saw her embarrassment, and guessed its cause. He stopped; and taking her hand

with the moſt reſpectful air poſſible, he ſaid, "Miſs Campinet will permit me, what indeed ſhe cannot prevent, to intereſt myſelf in her happineſs and peace. Fortune, I hope, will again and again give me the pleaſure of this morning, without its calamity." He bowed, touched her glove with his lips, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

THE Reverend Doctor Blick found his lordſhip hobbling along the terrace, aided by his two ſticks, and rather in a fretful mood. The butler had been informing him of the ravages of the night, and, which unavoidably followed, of Mr. Hermſprong's activity in repairing them. The perſon of merit alſo had mentioned to his lordſhip, that Miſs Campinet had gone early out upon her charitable functions; and had added, that no

doubt, in her progreſs ſhe would meet Mr. Hermſprong; and that two ſuch benevolent people could not meet upon ſo charitable a buſineſs, without being highly delighted with each other.

Lord Grondale, though ſufficiently attentive to ſuch matters, did not juſt now regard the profound humility of Doctor Blick's ſalutation; but aſked him abruptly, if he had ſeen that ſtrange impertinent fellow, that Hermſprong?

The Doctor anſwered, "Yes, my lord, I have juſt left him."

"What, where, when? I ſuppoſe you are grown intimate," ſaid Lord Grondale.

"How can your lordſhip do me the injuſtice to ſuppoſe it?" ſaid the Doctor. "I —I coaleſce with a man who has failed in reſpect to your lordſhip? No, my lord. But going amongſt my pariſhioners this morning, to

to endeavour to alleviate their miſeries, I met the young man——"

"Sporting his oſtentatious charity—"

"Juſt, my lord; the epithet is perfectly adaptive."

"Saw you Miſs Campinet?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And ſhe, Sir,—what did ſhe do?"

"Hermſprong told her of a poor woman in labour, and they went together."

"Together! the benevolence of that is admirable. Together! Rank and property have loſt half their value, at leaſt, in this liberal age. I believe, Doctor, you and I may live to ſee the unfortunate hour when they will have loſt the whole. Such fellows! damn him!" ſaid his lordſhip, with energy.

In the flow of holy effervеſcence, the Reverend Doctor Blick had almoſt ſaid amen, to Lord Grondale's prayer; but it came acroſs him, that to ſay Amen was an inferior office; ſo he choſe rather to content himſelf

with expreſſing his aſtoniſhment that any man much more ſuch a man, ſhould preſume to offend his lordſhip.

"But," continued the good Doctor, "it is a licentious age: Pride and inſolence are the characteriſtics of young men now."

"I think, Doctor, I ſhall find a way to lower both."

"I hope you will, my lord."

"I never in my life ſo much diſliked a man."

"He is ſhockingly diſagreeable, my lord, indeed."

"They ſay he has travelled."

"So he ſays himſelf, my lord; but he owns it was on foot."

"A very convincing proof, in my opinion, of the ſtrength of his purſe."

"Undoubtedly, my lord; very convincing."

"Yet they talk of his generoſity. Old women, I ſuppoſe, for pennyworths of ſnuff and tobacco; and they ſay, God bleſs his

ſwee

ſweet pretty face; ſo he ſwells with vanity almoſt to burſting."

"Certainly," ſaid the Doctor, laughing, or endeavouring to laugh. "For true humour your lordſhip has no equal."

"I ſuppoſe he has exerted himſelf to-day, in order to eclipſe the lord of the pariſh."

"I dare ſay your lordſhip is right. I ſaw at once his charity did not flow from Chriſtian benevolence."

"For my part, I have no opinion of theſe charitable ebullitions."

"Your lordſhip is perfectly happy in your terms. Yes, ebullitions,—bubbles."

"Indiſcriminate giving is not my taſte: I chuſe to conſider my objects."

"If all charities had your lordſhip for a director, they would be beſtowed more to the praiſe and glory of God, than I fear they now are."

"Does any body know where this young fool comes from?"

"No, my lord."

"A French refugee, perhaps."

" Perhaps ſo, my lord."

" But he ſpeaks Engliſh too well."

" That is a juſt obſervation, my lord."

" Probably he has ſpent his fortune, and comes to hide his ſhame where he is unknown."

" Exceeding probable, my lord."

" It is ſtill more probable he never had a fortune to ſpend, and is now on the hunt for one."

" I confeſs, my lord, this is the higher probability."

" My daughter would be a pretty catch. A lucky hit, Doctor, that of catching the chair horſe."

" Vaſtly lucky, my lord."

" Not that horſes are apt to leap down crags; but to timid minds, terror magnifies poſſibilities into certainties."

" You look quite into human nature, my lord."

" Miſs Campinet, like other ſweet young ladies, has, no doubt, a tender and grateful

heart; and what reward can be too great for an action ſo terribly heroic?"

"Your lordſhip is ſo humourous."

There are men—claſſes of men, I believe, to whom no human attainment is ſo uſeful and profitable as aſſentation. It is for the benefit of young beginners in this reſpectable art, that I have recorded this dialogue. Dr. Blick was an adept. He cannot be a biſhop.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THE terrace on which Lord Grondale was now exerciſing Dr. Blick and himſelf, had a ſpacious proſpect. Lord Grondale, at the inſtant of concluding his laſt ſentence, happened to caſt his eyes on the ſpot where Mr. Hermſprong was taking leave of his heroic daughter, at the concluſion of the 20th chapter.

" There,

"There, Blick, there!" cried his lordſhip; "damn it there!" For anger will not be always obedient to poliſhed manners; and lords, nay parſons, will ſwear on ſufficient provocation. As Miſs Campinet approached the garden gate, Lord Grondale, full of rage, flew to meet her with all the velocity of a man crippled by gout. It happened that Mr. Glen was at this inſtant paſſing by, from Sithin, where he had ſlept the night before; and where he had informed himſelf concerning a young woman, who had once waited on Miſs Campinet, and with whom ſhe was deſervedly a favourite. This young lady aſked Mr. Glen of her; his anſwer was, that ſhe ſeemed every day to grow worſe.

"Alas!" ſaid Miſs Campinet, "I fear then there is little room to hope."

"Indeed, Miſs Campinet," anſwered Glen, in a tone of ſorrow,—"indeed I have no hope."

At

At this critical moment, Lord Grondale, inflamed with rage, burſt through the gate.

" What impertinent language is this," ſaid he, furiouſly; how dare you, Sir, ſpeak to my daughter in ſuch tems?"

" I do not comprehend your lordſhip," was Mr. Glen's reply.

" Miſs Campinet," ſaid her father, " walk in, and wait my permiſſion to go out again."

" What have I done to deſerve this, Sir?" aſked his fair daughter.

" Every thing I ſhould wiſh you not to do. Five minutes ſince you were coquetting with that impertinent puppy, that Hermſprong, who comes from you know not where; and now you were permitting this worthy gentleman to talk to you of his hopes. A man who ought to think himſelf honoured by ſuch permiſſion to your woman."

" Indeed, my lord," ſaid his fair daughter, weeping as ſhe went in; " indeed you are in an error."

" That

"That now is woman," ſaid his lordſhip; "I muſt not believe my eyes;" then directing a ſtern look at Glen, "nor I ſuppoſe my ears."

"For Miſs Campinet's ſake, my lord, I will, if you chuſe it, explain the ſimple words which have ſhook your lordſhip ſo horribly," replied Mr. Glen.

"I aſk no explanation," his lordſhip exclaimed; "I will receive none. I diſgrace myſelf, by condeſcending to talk with you at all."

"I am happy in your contempt, my lord," replied Glen.

"There, Doctor," ſaid his lordſhip, "there!"

"I am ſhocked, my lord," ſaid the complaiſant Doctor; "Mr. Glen, have you loſt your ſenſes? Do you know the reſpect, I ſhould ſay reverence, due from ſuch as you to ſuch exalted characters as Lord Grondale?"

"I think I do," Mr. Glen replied; "and to ſuch exalted characters as Dr. Blick; and I pay exactly what I believe I owe,"

"Such

"Such audacity, my lord, I never ſaw before; and hope I never ſhall again," ſaid the Doctor.

"Juſt as often," Glen replied, as you preſume to treat me thus."

"Preſume," ſaid the Doctor, wadling two or three ſteps towards him.

"Preſume," replied Glen, meeting him with firmneſs.

"Come in, Doctor," ſaid Lord Grondale; "let us leave the reptile;" and the garden door was ſlapt to with a force which ſhook the wall."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE houſe in which Mrs. Merrick had lived, and of which ſhe had had a leaſe for life, was to be ſold. It was the property of a Mr. Jones, who had, when young, occupied it, and the little eſtate around it, had married, and with an income of 400l. a-year, had lived reſpected, without running in debt. Unfortunately, the death of a couſin introduced him into the poſſeſſion of as many thouſands per annum. He began to live, and in a few years found it convenient to ſell. Bloomhill, for ſo this houſe was called, was ordered

ordered to the hammer; it having been previouſly offered to Lord Grondale, at a price his lordſhip refuſed to give; not becauſe he thought it much too dear; but becauſe, being told that it would, upon his refuſal, be ſold by auction, he thought no body would dare to bid againſt him, and he ſhould get it cheap. And, indeed, ſo perſuaded was the country around, that Lord Grondale, to whom it was the more deſirable, as it was ſurrounded by his own eſtate, would be the purchaſer at any price, that on the day of ſale not many people of property attended, and thoſe were ſoon ſilenced by the ſtern looks of Mr. Roger Calvart, his lordſhip's agent, all but one.

About this time Lord Grondale had no company, and had given the reverend Dr. Blick a general invitation to dinner, which had received almoſt as general an acceptance.

On the day of the auction, half an hour before dinner, arrived Mr. Roger Calvart, to whom

whom his lordſhip gave audience in his library. This over, they entered the dining room. Mr. Calvart warm with buſtle and buſineſs, Lord Grondale with vexation. An awful ſilence prevailed during dinner, interrupted only by his lordſhip's and the doctor's frequent call for wine.

The ſervants having withdrawn, the Doctor recollected the auction, and addreſſing Calvart, hoped he might wiſh his lordſhip joy of the purchaſe.

Many an unpaternal, I might ſay, malignant glance, had his lordſhip during dinner, caſt upon Miſs Campinet, who began to tremble, though ſhe knew not why.

The Doctor's queſtion was anſwered by Calvart only with a ſhake of the head; but it opened his lordſhip's mouth, already prediſpoſed to eloquence by wine.

"No,"

"No," ſaid Lord Grondale, looking at his daughter, "it is Miſs Campinet you muſt congratulate; it is her hero who is the fortunate purchaſer."

"My hero, my lord!" ſaid the bluſhing Miſs Campinet.

The parſon was eating a nectarine; it fell from his hand; and his paralytic jaws denoted his profound aſtoniſhment.

"Theſe premiſes," ſaid his lordſhip, "which I have been laying out for ſo many years, which are ſo convenient to my eſtate, and in all reſpects ſo deſirable a purchaſe, has this young coxcomb perſiſted in buying, when every body elſe had politely given up the conteſt. Not content with this inſolence, he muſt add contempt to it; for when Mr. Calvart ſent a friend to him, to ſay his opponent was bidding for Lord Grondale, and that his lordſhip would conſider it as an obligation, if he would deſiſt, he turned from him with

with a curſed ſneer, and inſtantly bid 20l. more, though the rules of bidding only required 10l. But if I forgive the affront! And how the devil the fellow intends to pay for it, I cannot conceive; unleſs indeed he can find credit upon the ſtrength of his favor with Miſs Campinet."

"I ſhall be much obliged to your lordſhip," ſaid his fair daughter, with ſome degree of ſpirit, "when you do Mr. Hermſprong the honour to make him the ſubject of your converſation, to be leſs perſonal to me, till I have really given you occaſion."

"I cannot," his lordſhip replied, "conſider the occaſion as wanting. Witneſs that day, for ever memorable in the annals of Grondale, when the joint benevolence of this hero and heroine flowed a pure torrent, through the ſtreets of this metropolis. Witneſs the apprehenſive ſpirit of the lady, when any one preſumes to queſtion the gentleman's merit. Witneſs, this purchaſe, which, without

out a view to your beauteous ſelf, and theſe domains, is ſo ridiculous, that abſurdity's own ſelf would never have ſtumbled upon it."

"It is my duty, Sir, to bear all you chuſe to inflict," ſaid Miſs Campinet, now in tears, and riſing to withdraw.

"She ſat like patience on a monument," cried his lordſhip, as ſhe paſſed the door.

Mr. Roger Calvart hung his head; the parſon forgot to applaud; and Mrs. Stone, by no means a malignant woman, an enemy to Miſs Campinet rather from ſituation than malevolence, roſe and retired, ſaying, as ſhe went out, "Fie, fie, my lord!"

"Hay!" ſays his lordſhip, "what, I have been too hard upon Miſſie to day, have I? Come, puſh the bottle, gentlemen; I am in the humour to be merry. This raſcal has diverted me; if I live I will drive the country of him."

This

This was a ſentiment law and divinty could both applaud; and they began in earneſt to concert ways and means; but the rapid movements of the bottle prevented any thing being cogitated, worthy ſuch genius, conjoined to ſuch good will.

CHAP. XXIV.

A MONTH now paſſed away at Grondale Hall with tolerable peace. Mr. Hermſprong was moſtly abſent from the village; Miſs Campinet ſcarce heard the mention of his name, except when Lord Grondale choſe to make him the object of his ingenious ſatire. If ſimple tranquillity be all that young ladies ever deſire, ſhe had almoſt all ſhe deſired. We muſt, however, own it was but a

ſleepy felicity, till the arrival of Miſs Fluart gave it a degree of animation.

Lord Grondale when out of humour one morning, had been indulging his daughter with its uſual effects, was croſſing the hall into his ſtudy, (I had better call it his calculation room) when he was met by Mrs. Stone, with an eye rather fiery, and a cheek a little inflamed.

" My lord," ſhe ſaid, " did you invite young ladies here to inſult me? if you did, I muſt tell your lordſhip that——"

But ſhe was prevented from imparting to his lordſhip this piece of information, by the entry of Miſs Fluart, followed by Miſs Campinet.

" My lord, your moſt obedient. I hope I ſee you well."

" Much obliged to you, Miſs Fluart," his lordſhip anſwered rather gravely; " pretty well."

"I have flown twenty miles this morning, to ſee Caroline here, and ſhe receives me with tears. Either I am an unwelcome gueſt, or your lordſhip muſt have been ſcolding her."

"Miſs Fluart, I can reprove, and Caroline can deſerve it, but I cannot condeſcend to ſcold."

"So then, you have been naughty, Caroline. My lord, you muſt appoint me her governeſs. In one month, I dare ſay, I ſhall make her almoſt as wiſe and prudent as myſelf."

"Probably," anſwered his lordſhip, half deigning to ſmile, "it would be one of your leſſons to affront people?"

"Oh dear! who can I have affronted?"

"A perſon of merit, I aſſure you, though ſhe condeſcends to take upon herſelf the office of regulating my family."

"Goodneſs, what a miſtake I have made! She was ſo kind as to welcome me juſt as a Lady Grondale would have done; ſo, though I had not heard of it, I concluded

your lordſhip had taken a wife; accordingly I paid my reſpects. It ſurpriſed me, to be ſure, to ſee her bounce off as if ſhe was affronted; but, my dear lord, you muſt make it up for me; and in return, I will take this naughty girl to her dreſſing-room, and correct her; ſo, my lord, good morning."

Now, it muſt be owned Miſs Fluart did fib a little; for ſhe knew Mrs. Stone very well; but the whim of mortifying the poor woman came into her head; who indeed did outſtep propriety in her officious welcome; and whom Miſs Fluart could not forgive for taking her friend's place at Lord Grondale's table.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE materials and texture of this novel are ſo ſuperior to thoſe of which this ſpecies of writing is in general compoſed, that we lament extremely having ſo long neglected to peruſe it, and announce its merits to the public. The author, who poſſeſſes a ſound, diſcriminating, and improved mind, has drawn his characters, not from the mere ſuggeſtions of fancy, as is uſual with writers of this claſs, but from a clear, diſtinct, and iudicious view of their archetypes, as they exiſt in

in nature. In conformity to the title of his work, he has repreſented "*Man as he is*," and ſeems to have taken Fielding and Le Sage for his models; but he has contrived to render his ſcenes contributory to the purpoſes of virtue, morality, and happineſs. The ſtory is finely conceived, and the narrative of it ſo eaſy and artleſs, that it aſſumes the appearance of true hiſtory. The character of Sir George Paradyne, the hero of the piece, a rich, gay, generous young man, who acts entirely from the feelings of a ſenſible and virtuous heart, is as finely contraſted with the character of Mr. Bardoe, a gentleman who is guided only by the dictates of reaſon and experience; as the character of Miſs Carlill, a lively, ſhrewd, and ſenſible Quaker, is with that of Cornelia Coleraine, the heroine of the piece, and a perfect model of female ſoftneſs, delicacy, and good ſenſe. There are other characters of a different complexion, in which the vices of unfeeling ambition, political profligacy, gaming, hypocriſy, and female depravity, are expoſed in the miſconduct of Lady Mary Paradyne, Lord Auſchamp, Count Colliano, John Lake Fielding, and Lady Ann Brixworth, and by a ſtrength of colouring rendered ignominious and deteſtable. In oppoſition, however, to this deſpicable and unhappy groupe, we muſt not forget to mention the character of Lindſay, which exhibits the moſt perfect deſcription of real friendſhip and diſintereſted affection. The work contains a few *epiſodes*, the

moſt

moſt beautiful of which is the ſtory of *Miſs Zaporo*, the unfortunate offspring of a Tranſylvanian General, who bravely fought and died in attempting to defend the liberties of his oppreſſed country. This lovely, ſpirited, and ſenſible female, after experiencing a ſeries of affecting misfortunes, is happily reſtored, by the virtuous exertions of Sir George Paradyne, to the protection of her uncle, an Auſtrian Baron, then at the Venetian Court; and affords a uſeful leſſon of the happy effects which are frequently produced by a ſteady perſeverance in the paths of piety and virtue.

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ENGLISH REVIEW,
March, 1795.